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AMERICA AND AMERICAN WRITERS.

WHATEVER may have been the other effects of the recent discussions respecting the comparative merit of English and American institutions, there can be no doubt that they have raised one question into an importance which it did not previously seem to deserve. The debate whether our transatlantic brethren can be said to possess a literature, however much occasion it may have given to private sparring, has never, till lately, been adopted as a prominent head into the great national controversy. By what means it has risen to a rank from which it was so long excluded is a curious point, meriting some explanation, and elucidating a chapter in the history of the revolutions of English feeling.

It is known to the greater part of our readers, that there is a certain portion of the written mind of the country which is called among the gods above $\kappa\alpha\tau'$ $\epsilon\lambda\omicron\gamma\omega\varsigma$, the press; among members of the House of Commons, the documents of daily intelligence; among men, newspapers. It is known, moreover, to a moiety of those same readers, that there are in this country certain institutions called clubs, whereof the Athenæum and the Union are two, and the Cotton-spinners' club at Manchester, the club of Good Fellows, (in the hardware line, at Birmingham) and the club of Roysterers, in the Staffordshire potteries, are three more. Now, it is an undoubted fact, that both at the two former, and at the three latter of these establishments, the works to which we have just alluded are duly paid for and faithfully perused. It has, moreover, happened, that since the year 1814, some members of all these clubs, but rather more among the three latter than the two former, have endured considerable pecuniary distresses. Why this should be so, was a question which the secretaries of these clubs are not bound by the rules of their office to solve, and consequently information upon that subject must be sought elsewhere. But at any rate, in whatever causes this distress might originate, there seemed one obvious lesson taught by it, viz. that the clubs should manage their revenues economically. One article of expenditure was obviously those newspapers to which we have alluded; and why should not this be the beginning of retrenchment? The secretaries of the clubs could not answer this question either, but the newspapers themselves could. There was a very sufficient reason why they should not be dismissed; to wit, because they knew all about the distress, whence it came, and whither it would lead.

Now this answer was evidently satisfactory, and the clubs clearly ought not to abandon the newspapers; but meantime what were the newspapers to do? It is a very laborious business to prepare the matter for a weekly, let alone a daily newspaper; it is also an exceedingly laborious business to hunt after the causes of things, so laborious, that a certain poet pronounced the man prodigiously lucky who contrived to find them; and here the editors had undertaken both kinds of labour! The poor servant in Tieck's novel, cannot find time for polishing his soul by reason of shoe-blackening and other jobs; but what were his jobs compared with those of the paper writer? Still the causes must be got, or 'Othello's occupation's gone.' In this emergency, the wits of the editors of papers became greatly sharpened, and after an incredibly short chase they bagged a very large cause indeed. It was so large, that it could be cut up into a great many little causes, and, by due economy, might be made to last a hun-

dred editors as many months. This cause was, that the poor people had a vast deal of money to pay to the rich people, which the said rich people distributed among themselves in various unaccountable ways, sending back nothing in return but government laws and religion. This was very startling news, which the members of the clubs at Manchester, Birmingham, and the Potteries, were not prepared to hear, and it was a long time before they could clearly make up their minds what it meant. However, the London clubs had been apprised of this circumstance before, and they did not see it exactly in the same light as the editors. So presently there arose another class of these newspapers more especially designed for this species of clubs, who took occasion to observe, that government, laws, and religion, were exceedingly necessary things. This also had not struck the clubs at Manchester, Birmingham, and the Potteries; but when it was mentioned to them, they thought the remark very pointed and forcible.

And this again made the former editors to tremble, for their rivals had obviously found out a secret more than themselves; so they sought diligently, and at last discovered another truth deeper even than that. Yes, they said, laws, religion, and government are indeed important, but you may have them for half the money in America! This seemed to close the whole question with the clubs; the notion of getting the same work done one-half or two-thirds cheaper took possession of them altogether, and the only point that remained for them to consider was, whether the prophet or the mountain should make the first advances, whether they should go to America or America come over here. On the other hand, the members of the town clubs were nowise pleased at these observations, and demanded that their newspapers should make some answer to them. The request came suddenly, and their replies at first were somewhat hasty and incoherent. They said the Americans were savages, who wore very ill-contrived coats, and did not use finger-glasses. As might have been expected, when such horrible assertions as these were made, there was soon another party in the dispute. The Americans rose as one man, declared that they had resisted the right of search into their ships, and would resist it in their houses, at the same time calling heaven to witness, that in all the principal cities of the Union, coats were excellent, and finger-glasses had been introduced. The calumnious newspapers, therefore, being obliged to seek some new ground of defence, after a little deliberation turned sternly at the country club folks, and said, 'Pray do you dare to assert, that the government, laws, and religion of America are as good as the government, laws, and religion of England?' Thereupon the clubs were amazed, and when they went to the editors of the newspapers to know what they should say, lo! the fashion of their visages was changed also, and they knew not what they should reply.

But the matter was not to end here, for presently there arose up some very terrible looking men indeed, who after upbraiding the editors upon the one side for their pusillanimity, and calling the others knaves and cutthroats, said to the country clubs, 'Yes, we do tell you that the religion, laws, and government of America are better than those of England, and moreover we will prove it. The poor folks again become very attentive, and, as their true friends told them that a newspaper sheet was not large enough for the purpose of making the subject entirely clear, they consented to lay out six shillings, low as was their funds, to buy a review.

It is painful, and moreover dangerous, to bring charges against individuals; and therefore, though it is quite evident to us that the effect of this proceeding has been to make the people of England loyal and contented with their institutions, we do not accuse them who set it on foot of directly taking bribes from the aristocracy or government. Suspicious circumstances there may be; it surprised many persons that a review professing the principles we have mentioned, should endeavour to beget a reverence for our law by placing a picture of Westminster Hall in its frontispiece, and it cannot be denied that there was a sum of money appropriated a few sessions ago for which the ministers gave no account. Yet we say nothing. We leave the editor to his conscience; if he knows that he is innocent we are glad of it. However, be this as it may, within a year or two after the work in question commenced its labours, the institutions of America began to grow less and less fashionable among the middling and working classes of this country, and among whom scarcely any body now thinks about them. 'The Westminster Review' has converted the half dozen who read it into sound churchmen and good subjects, and they have converted the rest!

Now, however, began a new stage of this long trial. It has come on for hearing before a new class, and, as might be expected, new points which the former disputants on both sides never thought of have been involved. For when our worthy utilitarian friends had effected their benevolent purpose of making the humbler classes indifferent about politics, they addressed themselves to a still greater design. They observed that there were numbers of younger sons, persons of some cleverness, great indolence, and no fortune about town who were too much inclined to be disaffected. They therefore undertook the arduous task of making this hopeless class also attached to the country which gave them birth; and this they did by setting before them a systematic statement of all their own vague after-dinner speculations. The experiment had been tried before, but never with so much talent or so much success. The ridicule was perfect, and very few of the youths we speak of could stand it. To see all the premises which one has laid down for a reform in the constitution after a third bottle formally set out in a book with no other alteration in the reasonings appended to them than a substitution of syllogisms for enthymemes, and an omission of the damns, though very flattering to the vanity of the heart is somewhat trying to the muscles of the face*. So it proved with poor America and her constitution.

'I declare the United States have a devilish fine set of institutions. What one thing do they want? They have all the good we have and scarcely any of our bad. Above all, they have not that cursed church establishment; they are the only Christians on the face of the earth who dare trust their religion. The scoundrels here pretend that it is necessary to every body's existence, in the same breath that they cram it down our throats and make us pay for it. Here's damnation to the bishops! No heel-taps if you please!' So says a youth at the Piazza Coffee-house on Monday evening. 'In America there is the same security for life and property preserved at an infinitely smaller expense. The only article which the Americans are accused of not making a state provision for is religion. Now religion either is necessary

* This does not apply to the 'Westminster Review' as at present conducted. The after-dinner arguments are now copied literally, damns and all.

to mankind or it is not. If it is not, why has the church always assured us that it is? If it is, what need can there be of procuring a body of men to inculcate it? Men are not generally bribed to buy necessities. This would be the language of the 'Westminster Review' on the Saturday following. Now it is very true that a sleep and a draught of soda water might have recalled to the youth some flaw in his overnight's argument, but as there was no positive certainty of his recalling it, we contend that no equally effectual humbler to his conceit and exposure of his sophistries could have been provided as a *reduction* like that which he meets with in the Review. There indeed the depth of his shallowness is discovered to him; he sees that the propositions which seemed in the coffee-house to embrace the whole question, only seemed so, because they were not contracted into their formal limits; he begins to doubt whether he ever examined the subject thoroughly; and possibly, he sets about doing so in good earnest.

We should not have done justice to our feelings, if we had omitted to make this confession of the obligations which the country generally, and we personally, owe to the 'Westminster Review' for having in the first place entirely disgusted the humbler classes with the controversy between us and the Americans, by their mode of stating it; and secondly for having exposed, in that old and approved method of *reductio ad absurdum*, the mode of reasoning which had been for some time current in the higher classes. We say the obligation which we personally owe to them; for it is at the stage to which they have brought the controversy that our voice as literary journalists first becomes heard. While it was a question about pounds and shillings, we had only to sit still and snore; while it was a wine-and-walnuts question, we had only to sit still and wish that young men were not so much given to intemperance. But the Westminster reviewers, as we have shown, have succeeded in casting the most ineffable contempt upon both these meagre kinds of philosophy. The discussion, therefore, now lying in the hands of Captain Basil Hall and others, begins to assume a totally different form, and it includes points not only fit for the discussion of literary men, but which can be discussed by no others. The most interesting point of all in the controversy,—that in fact upon which every thing else hinges, is the question—Whether a nation can exist without a Church Establishment? Now, the necessity of a Church Establishment is asserted upon these grounds:—First, the *religious* ground, that there is needed a link to connect a man's will with his intentions; the source of his action with the direction of it; so that he may be neither a quietist nor a worldling. Secondly, the *political* ground—that it is needful, for the perfection of a state, that there should be a link between the individual and the community, so that each man may be at once an independent being, and a member of the nation. Thirdly, upon a *literary* ground, that it is needful there should be a link between learning and the state, in order that it may be saved from subjection to and be operative upon the will of the multitude. Fourthly, that it is needful, if it be possible, that the same link should serve to connect the parts of the individual's character together, the individual and society together, society and learning together. Fifthly, that this condition is only accomplished in an Established Church. This, we say, is the statement of the defender of Establishment. To it the American opposes the example of his own country. Then it follows, that before the point can be discovered, *pro* or *con*, by the practical politician, various questions will arise which he is not competent to answer, and which must be sent down as cases for the judges in the courts to which they respectively belong. The questions to be submitted will be these, or something like them:

1. Judging from a comparison of the reports of different travellers with your own observations, do you think that it is in this country or America that we shall find religion most impelling men to the

performance of civil duties? (or else thus) Is it in America or England that we are likely to find most fanatics on the one hand and most merely selfish men on the other?—This is a question for the divines.

2. Judging, &c. is it in England or in America that we shall find most strongly the principle of individuality combining with and informing a principle of national devotion? (or else thus) Is it in England or America that we shall find most instances of exclusive devotion to self on the one hand, and of absolute abandonment of all personal affection in the pursuit of state ends on the other? This is a question for the political philosopher.

3. Judging from a comparison of English and American literatures in the present day, which would you pronounce to exert the most useful influence on the public, and the least to take its character from the public?

It will easily be perceived that this last is a question which may fairly be considered by any person who is arrogant enough to discuss literary questions at all, and we think those who do us the honour to read our lucubrations, will admit that we are not likely to decide it against America from any unfair bias in favour of the English literature of the nineteenth century. We have been accused of sometimes falling into the opposite extreme of asserting too vehemently the utter slavery of our modern writers to the bray of the public, bray it never so foolishly, of sending out too random shots against the literary Cleons of the day, who care not how they may be rebuked by us, (who are, if it so pleases them, merely acting the part of the sausage-seller) nor yet by the wiser spirits,

ΕΙΣ ΑΥΤΗ, ΤΟ ΒΟΥΛΕΥΤΗΡΙΟΝ
ΚΑΙ ΤΟ ΔΗΜΙΟΝ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΟΝ ΜΑΚΚΟΡΟΝ ΚΑΤΗΓΗΜΕΝΟΝ.

But if it be so, our judgment is at least the more impartial when we say, as we believe every European whose opinion is worth one straw would say, that as yet the point which is submitted to us has hardly arisen; that when we seek for the men with whom we should compare our own, we cannot descry them; that when we try to discover whether the literature of America is independent, we are stopped by the preliminary doubt, whether it has a literature, whether it has even the germs of one to come; in fine, that as yet America is the last country in the world from which an argument can be drawn against the necessity of a union between learning and the state. If our readers think this decision is too hasty and peremptory, let them recal to their minds all the literary names connected with America, to which they can attach any associations. Can they go beyond these:—Washington Irving, Dr. Channing, Mr. Cooper? Since these names are undoubtedly respectable, we will say a word or two upon each.

'Knickerbocker's History of New York' was an honest and manly attempt to found an American literature. Those who read it must have exclaimed involuntarily, 'Yes, this is the work which was wanted.' The umbilical cord is now severed. America is indeed independent. The ground-work must be laid in the imagination, and here is a book of real imagination. The subject should be a native one, and this is American all over. It should be a popular, and not a closet work; and this is not a difficult Dantean epic, nor a drama, exhibiting diversities of character which the people are too dull to have perceived; nor a lyrical composition expounding feelings which they have never comprehended; but a work of genuine original humour, such as must awaken life and activity in minds even toiling and crushed under the weight of circumstances. What may not grow from a beginning so prosperous! And what has grown? What has become of Knickerbocker himself? Sertorius deemed it a better thing to be a private man in Rome than a king elsewhere. Mr. Irving thinks it is better to be a private man out of his own country than a king in it! The reputation of a second-rate essayist, or a twelfth-rate historian, here, is

worth more to him than that of a Creator in America! Do we regret that a man of genius should adopt such a rule of life? Do we regret that he does not prize the God given strength above every other enjoyment, and that he is content to sacrifice so much of it, as every man must do who deserts the soil where it was meant to be exercised, and to become often feeble, mawkish, effeminate? Do we regret that he had not strength of mind to hold fast in the vocation to which he was evidently summoned, and on which he so nobly entered, even though he could see no present fruit of his labour, and though he had no society, as here, with which to sympathise, cheered on by the inward reward of his labours, and in weaker moments, by a distant glimpse of immortality? Deeply, most deeply, do we regret it! But on whom should the blame rest? Who taught him the lesson? Where did he learn that literature is a mere article in the market to be bid and bargained for like any other—a commodity which it was hoped he would make staple in America, the price of which was the crowns of the publisher, or the smiles of the mob. His country told him so; it was infused into him with his republican milk; he was bound by every maxim of the American polity to believe it! And believing it, we believe there are not many countries, save his own, in which persons will be found to blame him for preferring the smiles of the mob in May-fair to those which would have greeted him in the saloons of New York.

We have disposed of the strongest witness on the other side: with the other two we shall have but little difficulty. No one who has read any of Dr. Channing's writings can fail to entertain the highest admiration for him as a man, and a very considerable respect for his abilities as a writer. He possesses some rare and extraordinary qualities. He evidently believes that his countrymen, in spite of their glorious constitution, are in a very bad way, and he has told them so with great plainness of speech. Moreover, having discovered the intellectual and moral weaknesses of his country, which is a great thing for an American, and having exposed them, which would be a great thing for the inhabitant of any nation, he has evidently made it the principal purpose of all his writings to root them out. The consistency with which he has pursued this design is truly admirable, and entitles him to a much higher place in men's estimation than is held by many writers who are infinitely his superiors. But at the first blush of the matter it must strike every one as ridiculous to consider Dr. Channing's writings as likely to beget a literature. Supposing they were works of first-rate merit, they are still medicinal, not creative; they may heal diseases in the body politic, but they plant no first seeds in it. Unless, indeed, his half dozen pamphlets in themselves constitute a literature! If any are inclined to put forward a pretension such as this on their behalf, we must examine his writings much more critically than a sincere admiration of them inclines us to do. We should be obliged to remark that his sentiments, however excellent, and consequently new—for what is real is always new—are nevertheless, by no means strange to those who are acquainted with the best English writers of the present day; that even the *shape* of the thoughts is generally taken from them, only we are inclined to think they have grown somewhat less robust on the passage, and that the style, though animated and eloquent, is far from being close, coherent, and strong. We should be obliged to hint, (but this simply in Dr. Channing's own ear,) that much as we admire the writers whom he has taken as his models, we should have been glad to discover that he had drunk more largely at the fountains from which they are always proud to acknowledge that they have drawn life and inspiration; we should have been glad to find as a test that he has entered into the feelings of Wordsworth and Coleridge, some proofs that he has also entered into those of our older poets and divines. We should be forced to observe that this gifted author seems to have lived too delicately,

to be too fond of whipt cream and syllabub, too ready to confine himself to water gruel, on the slightest hint of indisposition. We should like to find that he had taken to a sound roast beef diet, and we should not be sorry to hear that his jaws had encountered a tough scholastic crust, which it would require a consummate exertion of will to bite through. 'Whoso runneth may read,' is a text which we suspect Dr. Channing is overfond of quoting, in a way which at least suggests, both to himself and others, the notion that every thing good is simple, obvious, and straightforward. But though this text supplies the very consolatory assurance that *something* may be learnt, even by a man who reads when he is sent on an errand, yet as we do not find (in our English translation of the Bible) any passage which recommends running to the reader, we think the inference often broadly stated—more often implied, exceedingly erroneous and baleful *φωτιστικὰ συνέπειαι*. Dr. Channing will understand us; and we hope that he will speedily remedy a fault which, though more venial in an American than any one else, is yet more mischievous to Americans than to any nation under the sun. We are sure that Dr. Channing has the welfare of his countrymen at heart, and that he will pardon any seeming severity in these observations. They are uttered in order that his honourable name may not be used to support the delusion, that Americans are fortunate because their institutions do not encourage the growth of that manly thought which he is labouring, we fear vainly, to cultivate in their minds.

Last and least in this triumvirate is Mr. Cooper. Of him we have nothing to say which every body does not know already. All the world admits that he is a copyist; only some of the world are pleased to say that though in the works themselves his imitation is very evident, yet in selecting the subjects of them he has shown great *originality*. Yes, precisely the same originality as the settlers whom he is so fond of describing, displayed in choosing one bit of the wilderness for their log-houses instead of another. Originality consists, we apprehend, in creating good things, talent of selection in finding places to put them in. It is the substance of his thoughts, therefore, and not the scite of them which must determine Mr. Cooper's claims to a high order of excellence.

We are not inclined, however, to push too far the charge of imitation, well knowing that many authors have suffered most unfairly under it. The distinction between belonging to a school, and being the plagiarist of its founder, is seldom accurately marked, though it is one of great importance. But though critics are often unjust in this matter, readers seldom are. An instinct which needs no prompting tells them, if they are honest and thoughtful, whether the habits of thought to which a man has become accustomed from studying the works of another, still continue mere habits, or have become thoughts, actually parts of himself. If, therefore, any such reader of Mr. Cooper should tell us that he perceives in his writings the traces of a mind which has been much exercised (if we may use a puritanical expression) in reading the works of Sir Walter Scott, and consequently has become moulded into the shape of the genius to which it has owed all its power of assuming any shape, we should say that person has no right to call Mr. Cooper an imitator. Nor should we care to examine minutely whether this be the case or not, if the disputant had no further end than to prove Mr. Cooper a great novelist. But when it is endeavoured hence to console the Americans with the notion that they have in them all the seeds of a great literature, it is but a part of common honesty to unmask the deception. As, however, our article has already run to an unconscionable length, and as we shall have an opportunity of again adverting to Mr. Cooper, in our review of his 'Borderers,' we shall content ourselves with just stating our reasons for dissenting from those who affirm that the author of 'The Spy,'

is only in this sense a copyist of the author of 'Waverley.' Our reason is simply, that judging from the emotions which Sir Walter Scott has excited in our own minds, and in the minds of those with whom we have conversed, we do not think it possible that he can exercise the sort of influence which this opinion supposes. The feelings which he awakens are good humoured, happy, sometimes exhilarating; some of his descriptions are at times pictured very vividly to our fancies; some of his characters have an habitation in the outer court of our heart; but we never met any one who affirmed that these emotions, or descriptions, or characters, had begotten any new ones; that his mind had become more creative from reading the Scotch novels. This may have happened, doubtless, from our never having conversed with men of genius; but, what is strange, those who, according to our weak apprehensions, approached the nearest to that character, were the most resolute to deny the possibility of such an influence proceeding from these works, and the most careful to distinguish the class of thought which might be traced to them, from those which might be traced, for instance, to Cervantes or Shakspeare.

We might mention minor reasons confirmatory of this principal one, which convince us that he who takes Sir Walter Scott for his model, is in the bad (we mean of course intellectual, not moral) sense of the word, a copyist, and that consequently Mr. Cooper, who is allowed to have done this, cannot be an original writer. But this we reserve for our review.

To conclude then. We do not believe America has a literature; we do not see that it has the germs of one; we do not believe that it can have one till its institutions are fundamentally changed. Whether they will be changed, is a point beyond our powers of prophesy, but we see no reason to doubt that they may, if the Americans shall once be persuaded that he who contrives by omitting half the conditions of a problem, to work it out very simply, is not to be pronounced a skilful mathematician, but a very careless observer.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present for 1830. Smith and Elder.

WHOEVER or whatever may have formally presided at the concoction of the 'Friendship's Offering,' certainly the maiden sisters, Taste and Delicacy, stood on one side the editorial chair, and the matron Charity with her offspring on the other. The three together have combined to breathe through the little work a spirit of kind feeling, gentleness, and elegance so equally diffused that it would be difficult to say of which of the three characters it most partakes.

Nor is talent wanting: the tales are spirited, to say the least of them; they are all exceedingly well written, and some of them display considerable power of conception, and are calculated to excite a lively interest. From the more imaginative of the prose pieces may be selected 'Il Vesuviano,' anonymous; the 'Fords of Callum,' by the Ettrick Shepherd; and 'Lucifer,' by J. A. St. John. The first belongs to a certain class of tales, the production of romancers of fashion, and is a fair, short, complete, specimen of its kind; the second is of the mysterious class, but by no means one of the most stirring of the author's fantasies; the third is perhaps the most interesting piece of fiction which the 'Offering' contains. The 'Outline of a Life,' by William Kennedy; 'Mourad Euxabeet,' a tale of Koordistan, by James Baillie Fraser; 'Rodolph the Fratricide,' by Derwent Conway; and 'Moirside Maggie,' a legend of Lammer Muir, by one of the authors of the 'Odd Volume,' are in the mixed style of romance and probabilities. 'The Voyage Out,' by Mrs. Bowditch, and the 'Cobbler over the way,' by Miss Mitford, deal in more sober realities; but these realities are

pictured in such a happy, lively, and simple style, and have so much of the original spirit and manner of the respective authoresses, that we prefer them to all the pure and highly wrought fictions by which they are surrounded. It is from them, therefore, that we make our extracts, commencing with

'THE VOYAGE OUT.' BY MRS. BOWDITCH.

'The miseries of a sea voyage are loudly blazoned forth by those who, making their passage in an East or West Indiaman, or in one of his Majesty's frigates,—are hoisted into her, seated in a gaily decorated chair; who sleep in beautiful little white beds trimmed with smart fringes, and walk over a carpeted drawing-room into a handsomely-furnished dining-room; who have milk with their tea and coffee; whose stock of preserved fruits, vegetables, and eggs, makes their table resemble that of a house in Portland-place; whose ample space gives them all their wonted amusements and employments: but, after all, they know nothing of going to sea. Put them into a boat from which they are obliged to jump, as the waves heave them up, into the chains of the vessel; put them into stifling berths, too low to sit upright in, and so narrow that, unless they are expert packers, every roll thumps them from side to side; let their only sitting-room be a space of six feet square, surrounded by such berths, and encumbered by chests, hampers, and part of the cargo. Give them tea infused in bad smoky water; set them down to a piece of hard beef or pork that has been in pickle for fifteen years, accompanied by hard tough biscuit, and on Sundays by a roll-pudding made of flour and stale suet. Let them rise from their sickness to be assailed by the smell of grog, cheese, and bilge water. Let every thing they touch feel damp and cold. Let the sea which is shipped on deck run through to their bedding, so that every movement they make on it produces a squashing noise. These, and many worse things than these, would entitle them to complain of the sea. And yet I am inclined to think that not a little of the suffering arises from the dispositions of those exposed to it; and some notes taken from the journal of a traveller may perhaps prove, that variety is not always wanting in these expeditions.

'We were eleven days in the Irish Channel; foul winds and thick weather only affording us occasional peeps at the blue mountains of either coast, and retarding our progress in a manner that considerably tried our patience.

'As we left the land to larboard, we were gratified by the sight of two fine Indiamen, homeward bound, that shot athwart our bows within hail. Their sails, to the sky-scrappers and moon-rakers, were all set, and while we rolled from side to side with every wave, they glided smoothly along, as if impelled by some invisible hand. Their decks were covered with troops and sailors; every cabin window was filled with passengers; and in the chains stood numerous servants, who came out to gaze at us. At such a spectacle as this, the work of human hands proudly conveying hundreds of human beings across the broad ocean, human frailty might be forgiven for the flush of pride which glowed in our cheeks as we watched the majestic movements of these mighty machines: but how soon is man brought to his proper level!—at sea especially, where we feel that one billow, raised with a single gust of wind, may sink us into the mass of waters;—and when we lay our heads on our pillows, with the waves rushing round us, and think that there is only a plank between us and eternity, we cannot but acknowledge how necessary is Divine aid. Nothing gives us so correct an idea of the vastness of creation, of the laws which keep all things in their proper places, as the contemplation of the broad expanse of waters; and nothing humbles a man more towards his God, than to feel, turn which way he will, there is no human assistance to be found.

'A beautiful but calm day, in the latitude of Lisbon, saw us borne along with the current. Not a ripple disturbed the glassy surface, and we watched the fishes swimming in the depths below. The sun set most gloriously, and all round us appeared to be a sheet of flame; the red and violet hues tinged the sails, and even the faces of our crew; but the streaky clouds which succeeded, the low flight of the gulls, the numerous Mother Carey's chickens, made the sailors shake their heads; and an hour after sun-set the gale commenced in low whisperings. A broad streak of light still gleamed across the horizon, and shewed us one or two small vessels in the offing. The

whispers of the wind were succeeded by moanings, which became louder every moment; every thing was involved in darkness, and a heavy south-wester regularly set in. There was neither thunder nor lightning; but the blast roared in angry bellowings; the waves rose higher and higher; and our vessel, now pitching, now rolling, seemed to me to be going down at every heave. The steward and first mate lashed every thing in the cabin; the lamp was extinguished, and a candle and candlestick fastened to the table; and the watch put on their freeze coats, preparing for a drench. All hands were soon called on deck; the royals were close furled, and the top-sails were taken in a reef. The captain paced up and down in evident anxiety as the storm increased. Another reef was taken in;—in five minutes more the top-sails disappeared; the mizen was lowered;—and in less than half an hour the canvas had dwindled to a small sail, scarcely bigger than a pocket handkerchief, on the jib-boom, to keep the head right, as they told me. Now we were driven furiously along the summits of the waves, now plunged into the trough of the sea; and as I stood on deck I tried to discover the tops of the waves on each side, but finding they were higher than the topsail-yard, I followed the captain's advice, and slunk to my berth.

In the course of the night a violent shock almost threw me from my mattress. It was accompanied by the most piercing cry I ever heard: and concluding in my ignorance that we had struck on a rock, and that all was lost, I rushed upon deck to die with the rest. I there found the captain, who said—"Do not be frightened; as yet we are safe."

"What was it then?" I asked.

"I very much fear," he replied, "that we have run down one of the small vessels we saw at sun-set; for our men thought they heard voices about the bows the moment before we felt her, and heard the cry of the poor creatures as they sank."

"I could ask no more; I could not again go to bed; I was in the way on deck; I therefore went into the cabin, where I sat upon a chest the rest of the night, my hands over my ears, as if dreading to hear such another sound. At length morning broke,—tremendous indeed, and rendered still more so by the appearance of a hat, some spars and casks which floated close to us,—and painfully convinced us of the catastrophe of the preceding night."

"For three days did the gale continue without intermission. It then gradually subsided, and left us with a heavy swell on our way to the lovely island of Madeira."—Pp. 85—93.

The adventures more or less disastrous of the voyage did not end here; but it is not for us to convoy the fair bark to her destination on the coast of Africa: nor is it permitted us to join in the sport and mummery of entering the Tropic, or to aid the good captain against his mutinous crew. We must steer our course onward, for we have another gallant little vessel to protect from the pirates. See how easily, naturally, and picturesquely she sails along, her gunnel to the waves, her sails belling with the wind, not labouring, straining, and groaning under the artificial impulse of high-pressure engines and other unsightly machinery!

THE COBBLER OVER THE WAY. BY MISS MITFORD.

"One of the noisiest inhabitants of the small irregular town of Cranley, in which I had the honour to be born, was a certain cobbler, by name Jacob Giles. He lived exactly over-right our house, in a little appendage to the baker's shop,—an excrescence from that goodly tenement, which, when the door was closed (for the little square window at its side was all but invisible), might, from its shape and its dimensions, be mistaken for an oven or a pigstye, *ad libitum*. By day, when the half-hatch was open, and the cobbler discovered at work within, his dwelling seemed constructed purposely to hold his figure; as nicely adapted to its size and motions, as the little toy called a weather-house is to the height and functions of the puppets who inhabit it; only that Jacob Giles's stall was less accommodating than the weather-house, inasmuch as by no chance could his apartment have been made to contain two inmates in any position whatsoever."

"At that half-hatch might Jacob Giles be seen stitching and stitching, with the peculiar regular two-handed jerk proper to the art of cobbling, from six in the morn-

ing to six at night,—deducting always certain mornings and afternoons and whole days given, whenever his purse or his credit would permit, to the ensnaring seductions of the tap-room at the King's Head. At all other seasons at the half-hatch he might be seen, looking so exactly like a Dutch picture, that I, simple child that I was, took a fine Teniers in my father's possession for a likeness of him. There he sat,—with a dirty red night-cap over his grizzled hair, a dingy waistcoat, an old blue coat, darned, patched and ragged, a greasy leather apron, a pair of crimson plush inexpressibles, worsted stockings of all the colours known in hosiery, and shoes that illustrated the old saying of the shoemaker's wife, by wanting mending more than any shoes in the parish."

"The face belonging to this costume was rough and weather-beaten, deeply lined and deeply tinted, of a right copper-colour, with a nose that would have done honour to Bardolph, and a certain indescribable half-tipsy look, even when sober. Nevertheless, the face, ugly and tipsy as it was, had its merits. There was humour in the wink and in the nod, and in the knowing roll with which he transferred the quid of tobacco, his constant recreation and solace, from one cheek to the other; there was good humour in the half-shut eye, the pursed up mouth, and the whole jolly visage; and in the countless variety of strange songs and ballads which, from morning to night, he poured forth from that half-hatch, there was a happy mixture of both. There he sat, in that small den, looking something like a thrush in a goldfinch's cage, and singing with as much power, and far wider range,—albeit his notes were hardly so melodious:—Jobson's songs in the "Devil to Pay," and

"A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall."

"The half-hatch was, however, incomparably the best place in which to see him, for his face, with all its grotesqueness, was infinitely pleasanter to look at than his figure, one of his legs being shorter than the other, which obliged him to use a crutch, and the use of the crutch having occasioned a protuberance of the shoulder, which very nearly invested him with the dignity of a hump. Little cared he for his lameness! He swung along merrily and rapidly, especially when his steps tended to the alehouse, where he was a man of prime importance, not merely in right of his good songs and his good-fellowship, but in graver moments, as a scholar and a politician, being the best reader of a newspaper, and the most sagacious commentator on a debate, of any man who frequented the tap, the parish clerk himself not excepted."

"Jacob Giles had, as he said, some right to talk about the welfare of old England, having, at one time of his life, been a householder, shopkeeper, and elector (N. B. his visits to the ale-house may account for his descent from the shop to the stall) in the neighbouring borough of D., a place noted for the frequency and virulence of its contested elections. There was no event of his life on which our cobbler piqued himself so much as on having as he affirmed, assisted in "saving his country," by forming one of the glorious majority of seven, by which a Mr. Brown, of those days, a silent, stupid, respectable country gentleman, a dead vote on one side of the house, ousted a certain Mr. Smith, also a country gentleman, equally silent, stupid, and respectable, and a dead vote on the other side. Which parties in the state these two worthy senators espoused, it was somewhat difficult to gather from the zealous champion of the victorious hero. Local politics have commonly very little to do with any general question: the blues or the yellows, the greens or the reds—colours, not principles, predominate at an election,—which, in this respect, as well as in the ardour of the contest, and the quantity of money risked on the event, bears no small resemblance to a horse-race."

"Whatever might have been the party of his favourite candidate, Jacob himself was a Tory of the very first water. His residence at Cranley was during the latter days of the French Revolution, when Loyalty and Republicanism, Pittite and Foxite divided the land. Jacob Giles was a Tory, a Pittite, a Church-and-King, and Life-and-Fortune man—the loudest of the loyal; held Bonaparte for an incarnation of the evil spirit, and established an Anti-Gallican club at the King's Head, where he got tipsy every Saturday-night for the good of the nation. Nothing could exceed the warmth of Jacob's loy-

alty. He even wanted to join the Cranley volunteers, quoting to the drill sergeant, who quietly pointed to the crutch and the shoulder, the notable examples of Captain Green who halted, and Lieutenant Jones who was awry, as precedents for his own eligibility. The hump and the limp united were, however, too much to be endured. The man of scarlet declared there was no such piece of deformity in the whole awkward squad, and Jacob was declared inadmissible;—a personal slight (to say nothing of his being debarred the privilege of shedding his blood in defence of the king and constitution) which our cobbler found so hard to bear, that with the least encouragement in the world from the opposition of Cranley, he would have ratted. One word of sympathy would have carried Mr. Giles, and his songs and his typsy to the "Russell-and-Sidney Club" (Jacobins, Jacob used to call them) at the Grey-hound; but the Jacobins laughed, and lost their pros-lyte; the Anti-Gallicans retained Jacob,—and Jacob retained his consistency."

"How my friend the cobbler came to be theoretically so violent an Anti-jacobin is best known to himself. For certain he was in practice far more of what would in these days be called a radical; was constantly infringing the laws which he esteemed so perfect, and bringing into contempt the authorities for which he professed such enthusiastic veneration. Drunk or sober, in his own quarrels, or in the quarrels of others, he waged a perpetual war with justice; hath been seen to snap his fingers at an order of sessions, the said order having for object the removal of a certain barrel-organ man, "his ancient, trusty, drenchy crony;" and got into a *démêlé* with the church in the person of the old sexton, whom he nearly knocked down with the wiad of his crutch (N. B. Jacob took care not to touch the old man) for driving away his clients, the boys who were playing at marbles on the tomb-stones. Besides these skirmishes, he was in a state of constant hostility with the officials called constables; and had not his reputation, good or bad, stood him in stead, his Saturday-nights' exploits would have brought him acquainted with half the roundhouses, bridewells, stocks, and whipping-posts in the country. His demerits brought him off. "It's only that merry rogue, Jacob!" said the lenient: "only that sad dog the cobbler!" cried the severe: and between these contrary epithets, which in Master Giles's case bore so exactly the same meaning, the poor cobbler escaped."

"In good truth, it would have been a pity if Jacob's hebdomadal deviations from the straight path had brought him into any serious scrape, for, tipsy or sober, a better-natured creature never lived. Poor as he was, he had always something for those poorer than himself; would share his scanty dinner with a starving beggar, and his last quid of tobacco with a crippled sailor. The children came to him for nuts and apples, for comical stories and droll songs; the very curs of the street knew that they had a friend in the poor cobbler. He even gave away his labour and his time. Many a shoe hath he healed with a certainty that the wretched pauper could not pay him; and many a job, extra-official, hath he turned his hand to, with no expectation of fee or reward. The "Cobbler over the way" was the constant resource of every body in want of a help, and whatever the station or circumstances of the person needing him, his services might be depended on to the best of his power."—Pp. 92—105.

Those who would see 'The cobbler over the way,' enamoured, reformed, undeceived, relapsed,—must seek the account from Miss Mitford herself, among the worthy company by which she is surrounded in 'The Friendship's Offering.' We turn to the following rare and pleasing example of ingenuousness in this clever and amiable authoress. Most of our readers will remember the portrait alluded to, as it appeared in a very exalted situation in the last year's exhibition at Somerset House. For the artist's sake, we hope there is as little of poetical fiction in the eulogies addressed to him, as in the auto-description of the poetess."

TO MR. LUCAS.

"(Written whilst sitting to him for my Portrait.
December, 1823.)

BY MISS MITFORD.

"Oh, young and richly gifted! born to claim
No vulgar place amidst the sons of fame;

With shapes of beauty haunting thee like dreams,
And skill to realise Art's loftiest themes;
How wearisome to thee the task must be
To copy these coarse features painfully;
Faded by time and paled by care, to trace
The dim complexion of this homely face;
And lend to a bent brow and anxious eye
Thy patient toil, thine Art's high mastery.
Yet by that Art, almost methinks divine,
By touch and colour and the skilful line
Which at a stroke can strengthen and refine,
And mostly by the invisible influence
Of thine own spirit, gleams of thought and sense
Shout o'er the care-worn forehead, and illumine
The heavy eye, and break the leaden gloom;
Even as the sun-beams on the rudest ground
Fling their illusive glories wide around,
And make the dullest scene of nature bright
By the reflection of their own pure light.—P. 333.

Other specimens of the poetry we must reserve for next week. The notice in detail of the embellishments we also postpone; for the present it will be sufficient to observe that the subjects are better chosen, and the plates more highly finished than the illustrations in either of the annuals which have yet come under our observation. The sublime scene, Vesuvius under eruption, for the truth of the landscape, spirited effect of the volcanic explosion, in which Mr. Turner, who furnished the drawing, has been admirably seconded by the engraver, Mr. Jeavons, deserves to stand the first on the list, although some other plates might be selected, on which the praise of an uniform and perfect execution might be more justly bestowed.

DRUIDICAL AND HEBREW RELIGIONS.

Identity of the Religions called Druidical and Hebrew; Demonstrated from the Nature and Objects of their Worship, and, from a careful Consideration of certain Customs, formerly prevalent in Egypt, Canaan, Carthage, Babylon, Persia, Arabia, America, India, Greece, Italy; and, among the Etruscans, Bonzes, Gymnosophists, Chaldeans, &c. 12mo. Pp. 125. Nimmo, London, 1829.

THOUGH the past be gone, its shadow still lingers with us, like that of one journeying at eventide towards the west with whom we have parted on the road. And much of that which has been and will never again be may be learned even from this, which is at the same time both the frailest part of it and that which is longest in leaving us. We have not utterly lost the substance of any thing so long as we retain its shadow.

Or our memorials of vanished ages may be said to be in another respect like those that are most frequently wont to be left behind him by one who has taken his departure from a place where he has for some time sojourned. They are merely a few stray trifles which have been forgotten as it were in the hurry of packing up, or relinquished as not worth the trouble of carrying away in the general removal. Hoary empires slide from their foundations, and go, with their senates and legions, and all the mightiest and more ostentatious constituents of their greatness, into non-existence and forgetfulness; but a few brass coins remain, or perhaps here and there a few stones of the pavement of some all but obliterated highway, or the fragments of a few bricks, to attest that Babylon has been. A religion perishes with its 'gorgeous temples' and more gorgeous hierarchy; but, 'temple and tower gone to the ground,' and priest and pontiff dropt away even from memory, some shreds of the old superstitions still mingle among the pastimes of the villagers, and simple hearts do observance, with unconscious paganism, to the tattered and mutilated rites of 3000 years ago. A language becomes mute in the land that was wont to be its own; but when all the more obtrusive portions of its vocabulary have been swept away, you shall recognize its remnants in the terminations of a tense, or the almost outworn superfluities of a conjunction.

The object of the author of the little volume, the title of which we have just transcribed, is to gather something respecting a most interesting department in the antiquities of this our earth—even its primeval religions—from an examination of those traces of them which he conceives to be still observable, and of the records and traditions in which any account of them has been delivered down to us. The book is very far from being well written, and the argument is throughout most inartificially conducted; but we think we can perceive that the author, without much of the habit of composition, and we fear we must add no very logical head, or much clearness of judgment, has yet both read and thought a good deal about his subject, and in fact is indebted for some portion of the awkwardness with which he makes his way through its details to the quantity of ill digested learning with which he has contrived to encumber himself. Not that we mean to say, by any means, that he has more of this sort of wealth than enough; but he certainly has more than he can manage, and groans and stumbles sadly under his burthen, if not from its extraordinary weight, at least from his own want of strength properly to sustain it.

His theory is, shortly, that the Druids of Britain, and the most ancient inhabitants of Egypt, Canaan, Carthage, Babylon, Persia, Arabia, America, India, Greece, and Italy, professed one and the same faith, and that this religion, being one of pure and simple theism, was in all respects identical in doctrines and ceremonies with that which existed among the Hebrews before the time of Moses. Now doubtless the more we search into antiquity the more evidences do we find that mankind were originally but one family. Whichever of their habits, manners, and institutions are not the natural growth of the local or other peculiar circumstances in which any portion of the race may have been placed, are discovered to have all a common origin and character, sufficiently obscure, perhaps, when sought for in the more recent phases of their social condition, but becoming continually the more discernible the farther back we carry our investigations, and most strongly marked of all in the relics of those remote times when every thing else is dimmest and most illegible. Two languages, for example, in their present, and what may be called living state, shall seem to have no resemblance in vocables, construction, or genius; but trace out the radical forms of each, and strip them of that disguising investiture which they have acquired in the course of the manifold services they have had to perform during, it may be, a long succession of centuries, from having been forced into various new and strange fellowships, or bruised, wounded, and otherwise disfigured among the lips of men, and you shall find resemblances and identities revealing themselves in all directions, till the two modes of speech proved at last to be sister dialects, the twin daughters of the same mother. And as with languages, so with religions. Every religion must be in so far traditional, or derived from past times. Even the preacher of a professedly new faith must, to be successful, lay the foundation of his peculiar doctrines and ceremonies in those of some other that has been already made venerable by the reverence of ages. Upon this principle alone there ought to be many articles of belief as well as ceremonial usages common to all religions, even to such as claim each of them a separate divine origin. From the nature of those feelings and aspirations, too, of which all religious customs and institutions are the manifestations and representatives, all the forms of worship that have sprung up throughout the earth must have in many respects an agreement and resemblance.

But if this be true with regard to religions, each of which we know to have originated, in a great measure, independently of any other, the sort of similarity in question is likely to be found existing to a much more remarkable extent among such as have to all appearance merely grown up, in the several countries where they have flourished, from the natural soil of the popular mind, acted upon and excited simply by its innate tendencies on the one hand, and the influence of established habits and ancient

traditions on the other. Thus in the case, for example, of the Druidical religion and that of the Hebrew patriarchs, whether we suppose the latter to have been a pure conservation of the truths originally taught by heaven to the father of our race, or to have been in many respects corrupted by superstitions of merely human invention, the probability is, that the one would retain much of what had distinguished the other, that other having been, in fact, in early ages the faith of the whole family of mankind, or, at least, an immediate derivation from the primitive and once universal faith. The object of the present writer, however, is to establish a still closer accordance between the two theologies than these mere general considerations would warrant us in affirming. From an examination of a considerable number of the rites both of the Hebrew and of the Druidical worship, he conceives himself to have ascertained, if we apprehend him aright, that the one religion differed from the other in little, if any thing, except the name. The following is a specimen of his reasoning:

* To point out in a more definitive manner the intimate connexion between the calves of Jeroboam and the Druidical festival of May-day, it will only be necessary to view the case in an astronomical light. It has already been said, that the Tauric festivities celebrated on May-day were in honour of the commencement of spring, and therefore the vernal equinox, at the time when Tauric worship commenced, fell on the 1st day of May; or, the Sun entered the sign Taurus on that day. Every year the spring commences a little previous to what it did the year before; this arises from the precession of the equinoxes, or from a slow revolution of the poles of the equator round those of the ecliptic. In 25,920 years the pole of the ecliptic makes one entire revolution round the equatorial pole, therefore the equinoctial solstice occurs before the time it did the preceding year. In seventy-two years the procession amounts to one degree. Therefore, if we have the equinoctial or solstitial point given in the ecliptic, at any unknown period, it is easy to discover how long that period is passed by means of the preceding considerations. This method was first proposed by Sir I. Newton, to discover, by the position of the colures, how much time had elapsed since Chiron, the centaur, lived, and thereby to ascertain the true time of the Trojan war. When Tauric worship commenced, the horns of the bull were tipped by the equinoctial colure, "he then began to open with his horns the vernal year," but the horns of the bull are now 80 degrees from the equinoctial point; and as it requires 72 years to recede one degree, $80^\circ \times 72 = 5760$ years, which gives the time that has elapsed since the Tauric festival of May-day was instituted.

* But Jeroboam ordained a feast on the eighth month, and the fifteenth day of the month. Now, originally, the year was supposed to consist of twelve months, each month of thirty days, the remaining five days and few minutes were brought in after a sufficient time had elapsed to complete another month. In their festivals, where they were not particular to a few minutes, the year was supposed to consist of 366 days. The fifteenth day of the eighth month falls on November the 6th. There were two festivals to Bel during the year; the first on the first day of spring, the second on the first day of autumn: this last was, perhaps, consecrated to Moloch, as has been already stated: both, however, were sacred to the Sun. The year was divided into four seasons, each season consisting of ninety days. If six days be subtracted from November (these six were added to 360, the sum of the four seasons, merely to make the time come nearer to the truth,) and, then, if two seasons, or 180 days, be subtracted from 360, it brings the commencement of spring, or the first Tauric festival, to the first day of May; the day, as shewn above, when the same worship was cultivated in Britain, where, like that festival, it must have been instituted at least 5760 years ago.

* How is it possible that this striking coincidence could happen between the customs of two people, who, to all appearance, never had any communication with each other? How could Jeroboam, the Jewish king, adore the same God, with the same festivities, in the same manner, on the same day, that he was being worshipped in a similar manner by the distant British Druid? Chance could never effect any such occurrence. Both the festi-

vals tally with each other in every point; it is, therefore, surely ridiculous to suppose that they were invented in the same year and the same day of that year, (5760 years ago,) in two distant countries. Will it ever be credited, that some Druid in Europe, and some Magian in Persia, sat down on the same day of the same year, invented the same festival, in honour of the same god, with the same rites, and adored in the same manner? No, this Tauric festival goes far towards proving that the religion of the Jews and that of the Druids were alike.

‘But, it may be said, how can this period be given as the commencement of Tauric worship, when it is well known that the earth is very little older than 5760 years, the period assigned? But this is only a vulgar mistake, founded upon a stupid calculation, which makes the world to be only 4004 years old, at the birth of our Saviour. This period was ascertained by calculating the lives of the patriarchs, as mentioned in the Old Testament. But, to shew that the present copies of the Scriptures cannot be relied on in a chronological point of view, the received version will make the world (in 1830 A. D.) 5824 years, the Samaritan version 6075, the Septuagint 7220. Besides these great discordances between various copies of the Old Testament, there are other internal disagreements; thus, our English translation makes the age of Terah, the father of Abraham, to be 205 years, whereas, upon adding up the data, namely seventy years before the birth of Abraham, and Abraham’s age seventy-five when Terah died, it is plain that it makes but 145, and not 205. The question then is, which of the two is to be taken in making up the chronology of the world, 145 or 205? The ancient method of calculating by letters, rendered it very easy to make mistakes of this nature, in transcribing one copy from another.’—Pp. 47-53.

After having examined the ceremonies and creeds of the two religions, he next proceeds to identify their hierarchies. The following is an extract from what he says upon this head:

‘Among the Jewish priests there was one, who possessed supreme authority over the rest, who was commonly called the high priest, and answered in every particular to the arch Druid of Britain. Every temple had one or more priests, but the metropolitan temple belonged exclusively to the high priest. So Samuel the prophet was priest at Gilgal; there he crowned kings, and performed the solemnities required by the Jewish ritual. The vestment worn by the high priest of the Jews coincides strikingly with the decorations of the arch Druid. The sacred robes of both were, a linen bonnet, coat, girdle, and breeches; but on the grand day of expiation, the Hebrew priest wore a dress consisting of an embroidered coat of fine linen, a suit of breeches, and a girdle to fasten his garments around. Over this hung another robe, which reached his feet, and on that, the ephod, with the breast-plate of judgment; exactly in the same manner as the British Druid put on his bosom the famous *iodha moran* (breast-plate of judgment), which is still in existence. The dress of the Jewish high priest bears a very great resemblance to that of our modern Highlanders; and coincides, in a very striking manner, with that of Abaris, the Hyperborean Druid, as described by Himerius.

‘The Hebrew hierarchy may be divided into three classes; their priests or judges; their prophets; and their scribes, doctors, or lawyers. Sometimes the two former were joined in one, but the more common custom was, that they were separate. Just so it was with the Druids; they were divided into three classes, Druids, vuids, and bards: the Druids were their priests and judges; the vuids were their diviners and physicians; the bards were their poets, heralds, and scribes. If the different offices and occupations of these men were compared, the result would prove how nearly they and their religion were allied to the Jews. The Druids are, perhaps, now extinct; but vestiges are yet left of the vuids and bards, though in the course of a few years they will, in all probability, follow the course which the former have trod. Every day the number of our divining gipsies, and heraldic ballad-singers, seems to decrease. From the summit of grandeur and priestly magnificence, these ancient relics have gradually been sinking. In the remembrance of our fathers, every village had its wise man, who governed the joyous sports of the spring, who presided at the May-day festival, and who told the wonder-

ing maidens and youth events which were to happen in their future life. In our times each day appears to decrease the number of these people; perhaps our children will not know that they ever existed. Already the May-pole festival begins to decline,—the festivities of the first of April are confined to the boarding-school. In many places salutary laws have made proclamation against bonfires, once lighted in honour of Moloch and Baal. Every remnant of druidical religion and learning appears to be fast dying away. Once, but it was in times now buried with the past, this religion and this learning enlightened the world with its benign influences, its sun of glory reached its dazzling meridian; now it sets encircled with clouds and blackness, shorn of its beauteous beams, and leaving the world in obscurity and night.’—Pp. 69-72.

The following passage contains a summary of his argument, and may also serve as a specimen of the ingenuity with which he answers objections:

‘These, then, are a small part of the arguments, which may be brought to evince the identity of the Israelitish and Druidical belief. After reading these, can any doubt reasonably remain, in the mind of the most cautious, of the unity of these religions? Two nations, at a great distance from each other, and, having no communication, adore a Being, to whom they ascribe the same attributes, and make him, as has been shewn, the same God. This was the foundation of their modes of worship: they both adored him in the murky gloom of primeval woods, with the same intentions, and with the same rites. Having the same ideas of his attributes, they both worship him under the similitude of an oak. In temples exactly alike, uncovered, and without walls, they cultivated his worship. Each raised up, in thankful gratitude to their Maker, a monumental stone, and made fires to his honour on the top of the cairn. Bel and Moloch are alike adored by both. Both are given to serpent worship; and, both celebrate the kindness of their Maker for the blessings of spring, with the same festivities, on the same day of the year, and instituted at one epoch. Telesms, penates, and lares, are found among both; both believe in transmigration; both offer the same sacrifices, whether human or animal, as burnt-offerings. Their hierarchy or priesthood are alike; they measure their time in the same manner; their feasts coincide, and are celebrated with the same festivities and rites; they both bury their dead. In a word, in whatever point we regard the Jewish religion, in that the Druidical is found to represent it.

‘If the adoration of the Divine being were to be celebrated with different rites by different people, their religion, to use the word in its common acceptation, would be different; for, difference in religion does not so much consist in the different conception of the nature of the Deity, but in the different rites, ceremonies, &c. used in the performance of his adoration. Here both parties adore the same God, and the rites of one are the same as the rites of the other; and therefore the identity of both is proved.

‘Perhaps it might be objected, that the Almighty is expressly said by sacred writers to have given to his servant Abraham, a method of worship perfectly pure, and, to have enlarged that method when his family increased, after their exit from Egypt; therefore he must have invented (if the phrase can be used) all the different feasts and ceremonies, which he gave with such magnificence from Mount Sinai, and which, until that time, must have been unknown to man; so that all the calculations concerning Tauric worship, the reasonings about the rise of the Jewish festivals, must be incorrect. This, perhaps, depends on a misconception of the case. When the Almighty gave from the heights of Sinai the Mosaic dispensation, he did not do so with the intent either of contradicting or overturning the patriarchal, except in cases where the former ceremonies had been abused and prostituted to the service of idolatry; therefore, the festivals, which had been celebrated in patriarchal times were not discontinued, but were given afresh in commemoration of new circumstances. So the feast of Tabernacles was given in commemoration of the Israelites’ sojourning forty years in tents, during their passage through the wilderness; but no one would ever deny that this same feast did not exist ages before the Israelites went down into Egypt. Among the Romans, it was celebrated in honour of Anna Perenna; and, indeed, prevailed almost

all over the world as a Bacchic festival. The Jewish feast of Tabernacles was merely the Tauric feast to Moloch, the Sun, with this alteration, that whereas the Tauric festival was held on the fifteenth day of the eighth month, the feast of tabernacles was hastened by one month, and commenced on the fifteenth of the seventh. The case is exactly the same with the feast of Pentecost, which was the feast of harvest, but was given to the Jews as a sign that they should commemorate the giving of the law. This custom, indeed, was far from being uncommon in ancient times. So the Almighty gave to Noah the rainbow, as a sign that the earth should be drowned with water no more; not that the rainbow never existed before, which was an absolute impossibility, but that it was then, for the first time, exhibited as a token to man.’—Pp. 75-79.

The treatise, we may merely add, is very far from presenting us with a complete exposition of its subject. The author himself, indeed, seems to be aware of this, and expresses, in his preface, a consciousness of its ‘numerous faults and many frailties.’ ‘It cannot,’ he adds, however, ‘but be expected that every human production will have its imperfections.’

THE BORDERERS.

The Borderers: a Tale. By the Author of ‘The Spy,’ ‘The Red Rover,’ ‘The Prairie,’ &c. &c. &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley. London, 1829.

(Second notice.)

THE strength and weakness of Mr. Cooper are exhibited to perfection in this novel. The two first volumes are the duller which ever proceeded from his pen, and yet his capacity of being dull, is not small, and he has often before put it to a considerable stretch. The scheme of the book is very good, and in more powerful hands might have turned to wonderful account. An old New England Puritan, after the loss of a wife to whom he was deeply attached, removes with his son and daughter-in-law, into the neighbourhood of an Indian settlement. Here children are born to his son, and his household receives various additions. The most remarkable accessions to it are occasioned by the arrival of a stranger, who appears first in the character of a sheep stealer, and finally turns out to have been one of the judges of Charles I. and by the seizure of an Indian boy, who, without much apparent reason, and somewhat to the discredit of old Mark Heathcote’s principles, is detained a prisoner for several months. He is at last released by a party of his tribe, who destroy the settlement, set on fire a block-house, to which the family had fled for refuge, and in the belief both of the Indians and the reader, burn every member of it save one little girl (a grand-daughter of the Puritan’s) and an idiot boy, who are captured. Here, however, Indians and reader are mistaken, for the family are quite safe, having been comfortably secreted in the bottom of a dry well during the destruction of their dwelling. Several years then pass over in silence, after which we find our old friends established in nearly their former comfort and affluence; the loss of the little captured girl being in some measure supplied by the great diligence of certain damsels in Mr. Heathcote’s household, who present their husbands with two or three pledges annually. No tidings, however, are heard of the little girl till one of the household, a tiresome person, and a great favourite of Mr. Cooper, called Dudley, in some hunting excursion, captures a red man, who, after undergoing purification, turns out to be white, and, moreover, that same idiot youth who was once a member of the settlement. During his absence he has become a very patriotic Indian, and talks in glowing language, which does not, however, carry with it the sympathy of his auditors, about the delight of taking scalps from the pale faces. The second assault upon the colony, the return of the Indian boy as the warrior Conanchet, and the reappearance of young Ruth Heathcote as his wife Narramattah, are incidents with which our readers have been already made acquainted. The

extract which we gave in the last week's 'Athenaeum,' besides explaining those points, presented them with the most interesting passages in the three volumes—indeed in all Mr. Cooper's writings, unless it be eclipsed by the following scene, which we select both as a continuation to the story, and as an act of justice to the author.

"When Ruth Heathcote arose from her knees, it was with a hand clasped in that of the child whom her recent devotion was well suited to make her think had been rescued from a condition far more gloomy than that of the grave. She had used a gentle violence to force the wondering being at her side to join, so far as externals could go, in the prayer; and now it was ended, she sought the countenance of her daughter, in order to read the impression the scene had produced, with all the solicitude of a Christian, heightened by the tenderest maternal love.

"Narra-mattah, as we shall continue to call her, in air, expression, and attitude, resembled one who had a fancied existence in the delusion of some exciting dream. Her ear remembered sounds which had so often been repeated in her infancy, and her memory recalled indistinct recollections of most of the objects and usages that were so suddenly replaced before her eyes; but the former now conveyed their meaning to a mind that had gained its strength, under a very different system of theology, and the latter came too late to supplant usages that were rooted in her affections, by the aid of all those wild and seductive habits that are known to become nearly unconquerable in those who have long been subject to their influence. She stood, therefore, in the centre of the grave, self-restrained group of her nearest kin, like an alien to their blood, resembling some timid and but half-tamed tenant of the air, that human art had endeavoured to domesticate, by placing it in the society of the more tranquil and confiding inhabitants of the aviary.

"Notwithstanding the strength of her affections, and her devotion to all the natural duties of her station, Ruth Heathcote was not now to learn the manner in which she was to subdue any violence in their exhibition. The first indulgence of joy and gratitude was over, and in its place appeared the never tiring, vigilant, engrossing, but regulated watchfulness, which the events would naturally create. The doubts, misgivings, and even fearful apprehensions that beset her, were smothered in an appearance of satisfaction; and something like gleamings of happiness were again seen playing about a brow that had so long been clouded with an unobtrusive, but corroding care.

"And thou recallest thine infancy, my Ruth?" asked the mother, when the respectful period of silence, which ever succeeded prayer in that family, was passed; "thy thoughts have not been altogether strangers to us, but nature hath had its place in thine heart. Tell us, child, of thy wanderings in the forest, and of the sufferings that one so tender must have undergone, among a barbarous people. There is pleasure in listening to all thou hast seen and felt, now that we know there is an end to unhappiness."

"She spoke to an ear that was deaf to language like this. Narra-mattah evidently understood her words, while their meaning was wrapped in an obscurity that she neither wished to, nor was capable of comprehending. Keeping a gaze, in which pleasure and wonder were powerfully blended, on that soft look of affection which beamed from her mother's eye, she felt hurriedly among the folds of her dress, and drawing a belt that was gaily ornamented, after the most ingenious fashion of her adopted people, she approached her half-pleased, half-distressed parent, and, with hands that trembled equally with timidity and pleasure, she arranged it around her person, in a manner to show its richness to the best advantage. Pleased with her performance, the artless being eagerly sought approbation in eyes that bespoke little else than regret. Alarmed at an expression she could not translate, the gaze of Narra-mattah wandered, as if it sought support against some sensation to which she was a stranger. Whittall Ring had stolen into the room, and missing the customary features of her own cherished home, the looks of the startled creature rested on the countenance of the witless wanderer. She pointed eagerly at the work of her hands, appealing by an eloquent and artless gesture to the taste of one who should know whether she had done well.

"Bravely!" returned Whittall, approaching nearer to the subject of his admiration—"tis a brave belt, and none but the wife of a Sachem could make so rare a gift!"

"The girl folded her arms meekly on her bosom, and again appeared satisfied with herself and with the world.

"Here is the hand of him visible who dealeth in all wickedness," said the Puritan. "To corrupt the heart with vanities, and to mislead the affections, by luring them to the things of life, is the guile in which he delighteth. A fallen nature lendeth but too ready aid. We must deal with the child in fervour and watchfulness, or better that her bones were lying by the side of those little ones of thy flock, who are already inheritors of the promise."

"Respect kept Ruth silent, but while she sorrowed over the ignorance of her child, natural affection was strong at her heart. With the tact of a woman, and the tenderness of a mother, she both saw and felt that severity was not the means to effect the improvement they desired. Taking a seat herself, she drew her child to her person, and first imploring silence by a glance at those around her, she proceeded in a manner that was dictated by the mysterious influence of nature, to fathom the depth of her daughter's mind.

"Come nearer, Narra-mattah," she said, using the name to which the other would alone answer. "Thou art still in thy youth, my child, but it hath pleased Him whose will is law, to have made thee the witness of many changes in this varying life. Tell me if thou recallest the days of infancy, and if thy thoughts ever returned to thy father's house, during those weary years thou wast kept from our view?"

"Ruth used gentle force to draw her daughter nearer, while speaking, and the latter sunk into that posture, from which she had just arisen, kneeling as she had often done in infancy, at her mother's side. The attitude was too full of tender recollections not to be grateful, and the half alarmed being of the forest was suffered to retain it, during most of the dialogue that followed. But while she was thus obedient in person, by the vacancy or rather wonder of an eye that was so eloquent to express all the emotions and knowledge of which she was the mistress, Narra-mattah plainly manifested that little more than the endearment of her mother's words and manner was intelligible. Ruth saw the meaning of her hesitation, and smothering the pang it caused, she endeavoured to adapt her language to the habits of one so artless.

"Even the grey heads of thy people were once young," she resumed; "and they remember the lodges of their fathers. Does my daughter ever think of the time when she played among the children of the pale-faces?"

"The attentive being at the knee of Ruth listened greedily. Her knowledge of the language of her childhood had been sufficiently implanted, before her captivity, and it had been too often exercised by intercourse with the whites, and more particularly with Whittall Ring, to leave her in any doubt of the meaning of what she now heard. Stealing a timid look over a shoulder, she sought the countenance of Martha, and studying her lineaments for near a minute, with intense regard, she laughed aloud, in the contagious merriment of an Indian girl.

"Thou hast not forgotten us! That glance at her who was the companion of thy infancy assures me, and we shall soon again possess our Ruth, in affection, as we now possess her in the body. I will not speak to thee of that fearful night, when the violence of the savage robbed us of thy presence, nor of the bitter sorrow which beset us at thy loss; but there is One who must still be known to thee, my child; He who sitteth above the clouds, who holdeth the earth in the hollow of his hand, and who looketh in mercy on all that journey on the path to which his own finger pointeth. Hath He yet a place in thy thoughts? Thou rememberest his holy name, and still thinkest of his power?"

"The listener bent her head aside, as if to catch the full meaning of what she heard, the shadows of deep reverence passing over a face that had so lately been smiling. After a pause she audibly murmured the word—

"Manitou."

"Manitou, or Jehovah; God, or King of Kings, and Lord of Lords! it mattereth little which term is used to express his power. Thou knowest him then, and hast never ceased to call upon his name?"

"Narra-mattah is a woman. She is afraid to speak

to the Manitou aloud. He knows the voices of the chiefs, and opens his ears when they ask help."

"The Puritan groaned, but Ruth succeeded in quelling her own anguish, lest she should disturb the reviving confidence of her daughter.

"This may be the Manitou of an Indian," she said, "but it is not the Christian's God. Thou art of a race which worships differently, and it is proper that thou shouldst call on the name of the Deity of thy fathers. Even the Narragansett teacheth this truth! Thy skin is white, and thy ears should hearken to the traditions of the men of thy blood."

"The head of the daughter drooped at this allusion to her colour, as if she would fain conceal the mortifying truth from every eye; but she had not time for answer, ere Whittall Ring drew near, and pointing to the burning colour of her cheeks, that were deepened as much with shame as with the heats of an American sun, he said—

"The wife of the Sachem hath begun to change. She will soon be like Nipset, all red.—See," he added, laying a finger on a part of his own arm where the sun and the winds had not yet destroyed the original colour, "the evil spirit poured water into his blood too, but it will come out again. As soon as he is so dark that the evil spirit will not know him, he will go on the war path; and then the lying pale-faces may dig up the bones of their fathers, and move towards the sun-rise, or his lodge will be lined with hair of the colour of a deer!"

"And thou, my daughter, canst thou hear this threat against the people of thy nation—of thy blood—of thy God—without a shudder?"

"The eye of Narra-mattah seemed in doubt; still it regarded Whittall with its accustomed look of kindness. The innocent, full of his imaginary glory, raised his hand in exultation, and by gestures that could not easily be misunderstood, he indicated the manner in which he intended to rob his victims of the usual trophy. While the youth was enacting the disgusting, but expressive pantomime, Ruth watched the countenance of her child, in nearly breathless agony. She would have been relieved by a single glance of disapprobation, by a solitary movement of a rebellious muscle, or by the smallest sign that the tender nature of one so lovely, and otherwise so gentle, revolted at so unequivocal evidence of the barbarous practices of her adopted people. But no empress of Rome could have witnessed the dying agonies of the hapless gladiator, no consort of a more modern prince could read the bloody list of the victims of her husband's triumph, nor any betrothed fair listen to the murderous deeds of him her imagination had painted as a hero, with less indifference to human suffering, than that with which the wife of the Sachem of the Narragansetts looked on the mimic representation of those exploits, which had purchased for her husband a renown so highly prized. It was but too apparent that the representation, rude and savage as it was, conveyed to her mind nothing but pictures in which the chosen companion of a warrior should rejoice. The varying features and answering eye too plainly proclaimed the sympathy of one taught to exult in the success of the combatant; and when Whittall, excited by his own exertions, broke out into an exhibition of a violence more ruthless even than common, he was openly rewarded by another laugh. The soft, exquisitely feminine tones of this involuntary burst of pleasure, sounded in the ears of Ruth like a knell over the moral beauty of her child. Still subduing her feelings, she passed a hand thoughtfully over her own pallid brow, and appeared to muse long on the desolation of a mind, that had once promised to be so pure.

"The colonists had not yet severed all those natural ties which bound them to the eastern hemisphere. Their legends, their pride, and, in many instances, their memories, aided in keeping alive a feeling of amity, and it might be added of faith, in favour of the land of their ancestors. With some of their descendants, even to the present hour, the *beau ideal* of excellence, in all that pertains to human qualities and human happiness, is connected with the images of the country from which they sprung. Distance is known to cast a softening mist, equally over the moral and physical vision. The blue outline of mountain, which melts into its glowing background of sky, is not more pleasing than the pictures which fancy sometimes draws of less material things,

but, as he draws near, the disappointed traveller too often finds nakedness and deformity, where he so fondly imagined beauty only was to be seen. No wonder then that the dwellers of the simple provinces of New England blended recollections of the country they still called home, with most of their poetical pictures of life. They retained the language, the books, and most of the habits of the English. But different circumstances, divided interests, and peculiar opinions, were gradually beginning to open those breaches, which time has since widened, and which promises soon to leave little in common between the two people, except the same forms of speech and a common origin: it is to be hoped that some charity may be blended with these ties.

The singularly-restrained habits of the religionists, throughout the whole of the British provinces, were in marked opposition to the mere embellishments of life. The arts were permitted only as they served its most useful and obvious purposes. With them, music was confined to the worship of God, and for a long time after the original settlement, the song was never known to lead the mind astray from what was conceived to be the one great object of existence. No verse was sung, but such as blended holy ideas with the pleasures of harmony, nor were the sounds of revelry ever heard within their borders. Still words adapted to their particular condition had come into use, and though poetry was neither a common, nor a brilliant property of the mind, among a people thus disciplined in ascetic practices, it early exhibited its power in quaint versification, that was always intended, though with a success it is almost pardonable to doubt, to redound to the glory of the Deity. It was but a natural enlargement of this pious practice to adapt some of these spiritual songs to the purposes of the nursery.

When Ruth Heathcote passed her hand thoughtfully across her brow, it was with a painful conviction that her dominion over the mind of her child was sadly weakened, if not lost for ever. But the efforts of maternal love are not easily repulsed. An idea flashed upon her brain, and she proceeded to try the efficacy of the experiment it suggested. Nature had endowed her with a melodious voice, and an ear that taught her to regulate sounds in a manner that seldom failed to touch the heart. She possessed the genius of music, which is melody, unweakened by those exaggerated affections with which it is often encumbered by what is prettily called science. Drawing her daughter nearer to her knee, she commenced one of the songs then much used by the mothers of the colony, her voice scarcely rising above the whispering of the evening air, in its first notes, but gradually gaining, as she proceeded, the richness and compass that a strain so simple required.

At the first low breathing notes of this nursery song, Narramattah became as motionless as if her rounded and unfettered form had been wrought in marble. Pleasure lighted her eyes, as strain succeeded strain, and ere the second verse was ended, her look, her attitude, and every muscle of her ingenuous features were eloquent in the expression of delight. Ruth did not hazard the experiment without trembling for its result. Emotion imparted feeling to the music, and when for the third time in the course of her song, she addressed her child, she saw the soft blue eyes that gazed wistfully on her face, swimming in tears. Encouraged by this unequivocal evidence of success, nature grew still more powerful in its efforts, and the closing verse was sung to an ear that nestled near her heart, as it had often done during the early years of Narramattah while listening to its melancholy melody.

Content was a quiet but an anxious witness of this touching evidence of a reviving intelligence between his wife and child. He best understood the look that beamed in the eyes of the former, while her arms were, with extreme caution folded around her who still leaned upon her bosom, as if fearful one so timid might be frightened from her security by any sudden or unaccustomed interruption. A minute passed in the deepest silence. Even Whitall Ring was lulled into quiet, and long and sorrowing years had passed, since Ruth enjoyed moments of happiness so pure and unalloyed. The stillness was broken by a heavy step in the outer room; a door was thrown open, by a hand more violent than common, and then young Mark appeared, his face flushed with exertion, his brow seemingly retaining the frown of battle, and with a tread

that betrayed a spirit goaded by some fierce and unwellcome passion. The burthen of Conanchet was on his arm. He laid it upon a table; then pointing, in a manner that appeared to challenge attention, he turned, and left the room as abruptly as he had entered.

A cry of joy burst from the lips of Narramattah, the instant the beaded belts caught her eye. The arms of Ruth relaxed their hold in surprise, and before amazement had time to give place to more connected ideas, the wild being at her knee had flown to the table, returned, resumed her former posture, opened the folds of the cloth, and was holding before the bewildered gaze of her mother, the patient features of an Indian babe.

It would exceed the powers of the unambitious pen we wield, to convey to the reader a just idea of the mixed emotions that struggled for mastery in the countenance of Ruth. The innate and never dying sentiment of maternal joy, was opposed by all those feelings of pride that prejudice could not fail to implant, even in the bosom of one so meek. There was no need to tell the history of the parentage of the little suppliant, who already looked up into her face, with that peculiar calm which renders his race so remarkable. Though its glance was weakened by infancy, the dark glittering eye Conanchet was there; there were also to be seen the receding forehead, and the compressed lip of the father; but all these marks of his origin were softened by touches of that beauty which had rendered the infancy of her own child so remarkable.

"See!" said Narramattah, raising the infant still nearer to the rivetted gaze of Ruth; "tis a Sachem of the red men! The little eagle hath left his nest too soon."

Ruth could not resist the appeal of her beloved. Bending her head low, so as entirely to conceal her own flushed face, she imprinted a kiss on the forehead of the Indian boy. But the jealous eye of the young mother was not to be deceived. Narramattah detected the difference between the cold salute, and those fervent embraces she had herself received, and disappointment produced a chill about her own heart. Replacing the folds of the cloth with quiet dignity, she arose from her knees, and withdrew in sadness to a distant corner of the room. There she took a seat, and with a glance that might almost be termed reproachful, she commenced a low Indian song to her infant.

"The wisdom of Providence is in this, as in all its dispensations," whispered Content over the shoulder of his nearly insensible partner. "Had we received her as she was lost, the favour might have exceeded our deservings. Our daughter is grieved that thou turnest a cold eye on her babe."

The appeal was sufficient for one whose affections had been wounded rather than chilled. It recalled Ruth to recollection, and it served at once to dissipate the shades of regret that had been unconsciously permitted to gather round her brow. The displeasure, or it would be more true to term it sorrow, of the young mother was easily appeased. A smile on her infant brought the blood back to her heart in a swift and tumultuous current; and Ruth herself soon forgot that she had any reason for regret, in the innocent delight with which her own daughter now hastened to display the physical excellence of the boy. From this scene of natural feeling, Content was too quickly summoned by the intelligence that some one without awaited his presence on business of the last importance to the welfare of the settlement.—Vol. 3, pp. 169—191.

This is really beautiful. We have more doubts about the death scene of Conanchet and Narramattah, but it will perhaps be more popular even than the one last quoted.

All the civilised beings introduced into this novel are feeble, tame, and unsatisfactory. The Puritan, upon whom most pains has been bestowed, is a mere aggregate of qualities, put together with sufficient dexterity, but nowise constituting a man. He is very devout, he is sometimes worldly, he is habitually austere, he is often unconsciously benevolent; every one understands this. That human beings are now even in dramas and novels admitted to display occasional inconsistencies, shows that the cha-

racter manufacture is very much improved since the days of Mrs. Radcliffe and the Minerva Press. It is just the same kind of advance which has been made during the same time, in other branches. For instance, when the written sermons which Dr. Trapp published for the use of young clergymen, were from beginning to end in the finest copperplate, Mr. Warner's have every here and there scratches and interlineations. Just so Mr. Cooper's Puritan. He is not the mere monster of moroseness, which a Conformist of the last age would have represented him, nor a mere heap of excellences, as he would have appeared in the tale of a sectarian. No! there are dashes, and blots, and blanks, all exactly as they should be. And yet unless we are grievously mistaken, the Puritan of Mr. Cooper is no more the real flesh and blood person than either of these flattering or deformed likenesses would have been.—Something more is wanting for the heart, if not for the market; and that something Mr. Cooper does not possess. The character of the regicide is even less satisfactory.

With respect to these two, however, Mr. Cooper may plead that he is not far behind his model. Sir Walter Scott is very nearly as unable to describe a Puritan or a regicide (except one of the black and all black class, like Burley,) as the American. But the difference between them is made very evident by another part of the 'Borderers.' Mr. Cooper has introduced a Cuddie Heathrigg and Jenny Dennison into the forest. Evan Dudley, who represents the first, may pass for a tolerable likeness. As might be expected in the attempt to mix the colours of dulness and shrewdness, which are so happily combined in the type, Mr. Cooper has given a very decided predominance to the former, nevertheless the copy is one of the best we have seen. Not so Faith, who is done after Edith Bellinden's waiting woman. Instead of the country coquette being changed into the gudewife after her marriage—a conversion which is managed so delightfully in 'Old Mortality,' Faith is precisely as waggish to her lord as she was to her suitor. If our readers wish to see the difference between the master, and the man, even out of livery and in his own clothes admirably refreshed, they cannot do better than compare these portraits.

In his Indian characters, Mr. Cooper is as successful as ever. Where he has to describe men whose feelings are all denoted by their demeanour, who wear their characters in their mocassins, no one can be a better artist. We do not recommend him to desert this line of painting, for he excels in it, but we do most earnestly exhort all who are striving to form their minds to a comprehension of the true meaning and end of art, not to be seduced by a style of which it is an extravagant compliment to say that it bears the same relation to true novel writing which Mr. Martin's 'Belshazzar's Feast,' bears to the finest work of an Italian master.

The descriptions in these volumes are often good, but very fatiguing from their length and multitude. We are truly grateful to Mr. Cooper for indulging us with so few specimens of his wit. When we came to Dr. Ergot, we recollected 'the Prairie,' and trembled; but we besought our good genius, and another visitation of the awful physician, we forget his name, in that work, was mercifully averted from us.

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Shades of the Dead. No. X.—The Humorist's III. Montaigne: in our next number.

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JACOBITE MINSTRELSY.

(Concluded from page 630.)

THE Jacobite story was not from the beginning a melancholy one, however much so it may seem to us who are familiar with its mournful close. The struggle, on the contrary, which was destined to terminate so sadly, commenced in the sunshine, if not of success, at least of hope; and never, it would seem, were hearts about to enter upon a perilous enterprise more blinded to the shadow of its coming issue than were those of most of the brave cavaliers who first stirred in the cause of the exiled Stewarts. Until the failure of the first insurrection in 1715, indeed, had taught them experimentally the strength of their opponents, on the value of the vantage-ground on which they stood, they had, it is very evident, scarcely ever permitted themselves to believe in the possible permanency of the new order of things, or to entertain so much as a doubt of the eventual restoration of the legitimate family. It was true the abomination, yclept a revolution, had been perpetrated, a miserable display of democratical insolence and folly, the almost laughable slight of hand exploit of a weak and despicable faction, which had taken the great body of the nation by surprise, and struck them powerless for the moment, by its sheer audacity. But that such a wild misarrangement could last, was a notion too extravagant for serious notice; as monstrous as it would be to suppose that a house, carried up by a hurricane into the air and let fall again upon its roof, should continue stationary in its new posture. As one of the songs of the time used to run,—

'The tod rules o'er the lion,
'The midden's aboon the moon;'

but it was not to be dreamed of that things could long remain in so preposterous and contranatural a collocation. Cromwell too had had his revolution, as well as the Dutch usurper; and the same catastrophe was doubtless ordained for both. The very facility and noiselessness with which the change had been made, demonstrated what a mere stratagem it was altogether, and might be taken as an indication and augury that it would, some day or other, be unmade with at least as much ease and expedition.

The tone of Jacobite minstrelsy at this time, accordingly, is almost uniformly light and animated—the strain of hearts high with hope, and already assured of triumph. Even where the verses are throughout an effusion of the most uncompromising contempt and mockery, the satire is still gay, good-humoured, and frolicsome; as much so as if the matter which was so soon to be decided by kindred swords, were scarcely one of serious importance, or of which the issue could possibly be doubtful. To the sanguine anticipation of the poet and his party, it would almost, indeed, seem to have appeared that the simple drawing of their swords was sure to settle the question, so much of the manner and spirit of mere laughing badinage have their jibbing allusions to the sort of opposition they were likely to meet with. Afterwards we have enough of bitter and boiling indignation, when disaster and despair had stung and inflamed their hearts, and left them no other weapons save this bootless invective; but as yet there was nothing of this, and their scorn, though often riotous enough, was almost never rancorous. Witness for example that strange rant, Lord Newbottle's 'Cakes o' crowdy,' a very deluge of the most reckless derision; but where is there to be found more exuberant merriment, or less of any thing malignant or atrocious? The same thing may be said of the singular and richly comical verses on King William's departure for Ireland, beginning—

'O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' frae hame,
Wi' a budget on his back,' &c.

a high wrought and irresistibly ludicrous, but somewhat too coarse caricature, of which we regret that we dare not quote a specimen. In another

production of nearly the same era, commonly called 'Willie Winkle's Testament,' a rhyming death-bed address from King William to Archbishop Tennison, the very form of the composition attests the spirit of arch and genial glee in which it was written, notwithstanding some expressions that might otherwise seem the utterance of a more serious mood. There is at least not so much ill nature here, it will, we think, be allowed, as in the subsequent effusion of a somewhat similar sort, entitled 'Geordie Whelp's Testament,' being the last words and dying speech of his most sacred Majesty George I. in which that monarch is made in so energetic a strain both to go through the muster-roll of his own evil deeds, and to exhortate his curses on his surviving friends. There is nothing put into William's mouth, for instance, having at all the sound of the following lines, which form, however, by no means the most vehement portion of the Elector of Hanover's oration:

'But yet before that a' be done,
There's something for my graceless son,
That awkward ass, wi' filthy scouk;
My malison light on his bouk!
And farther, for his part o' gear,
I leave the horns his dad did wear;
But yet I'd better leave the same
To Whigs, to blow my lasting shame.

'To the same Whigs I leave my curse,
My guilty conscience, and toom purse:
I hope my torments they will feel,
When they gang skelpin to the deil.
For to the times their creed they shape;
They girn, they glowr, they scouk, and gape,
As they wad gaulch to eat the starns.
The muckle deil ding out their horns!'

This was a tone of malediction which was taken up only after the mortification of unexpected defeat had embittered the temper of the Jacobite rhymers. It was not after this fashion that they expressed their contempt for the Hanoverian at the commencement of his reign; though, most assuredly, the feeling was not then one of less intensity. It is impossible, indeed, to conceive any thing more concentrated or perfect than was the sense of the little and the mean with which these idolaters of the old royal tree of England looked down upon the quality of the newly-imported dynasty, when it first obtained possession of the throne. To relish the exquisite humour of the following verses, it is necessary to remember that in the Scottish dialect there is perhaps hardly a diminutive that carries with it a more humiliating mixture of the coaxing and the contemptuous than the term *lairdie*. A *laird* in Scotland is a landed gentleman; a *lairdie* is a sort of mimic of a laird; the proprietor, it may be, of an acre or two, or simply of a cottage and a few rods of garden ground—(the kail-yardie of the song,) who on the score of these petty territorial rights, apes all the consequence of a proprietor of the soil. The title in fact expresses the same sort of relation to squire, or country gentleman, that *lordling* does to *lord*; and is any thing, therefore, the reader will perceive, rather than an epithet of respect. We may conceive, then, what the writer of these lines thought of the dignity of the electors of Hanover:

'Wha the deil hae we got for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie!
An' when we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie:
Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
But the hose and but the breeks;
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie!

'And he's clapt down in our gademan's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie!
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash
And dabbled them in his yardie:
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And brake the hamp o' Irish clowns,
But our Scots thristle will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

'Come up amang the Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
And see how Charlie's lang-kail thrive
That he dabbled in his yardie:
And if a stock ye daur to pu'
Or haud the joking of a plough,
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie!

'Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
No fitting for a yardie;
And our norlan' thristles winna pu',
Thou wee, wee German lairdie!
And we've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad strip ye o' your German gear,
And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
Thou feckless German lairdie!

'He'll ride nae mair on strae sonks,
For gawing his German hardies:
But he sits on our gude king's throne,
Amang the English lordies.
'Auld Scotland! thou'rt owre cauld a hole
For nursing siccan vermin;
But the very dogs o' England's court
Can bark and howl in German!'

Nothing certainly can transcend the scorn of this composition. Every epithet, indeed, is the very quintessence of mockery, and such as could only have been inspired by a genuine and deepfelt sense on the part of the poet of his own infinite elevation above the object of his triumphant and unmeasured derision. Yet, at the most, the tone only rises towards the indignant or angry; and even where the nearest approach is made to acrimonious invective,—in the passages, namely, which refer to the impudent usurper's temporary success, and the base subserviency of some at least of those from whom better things might have been hoped for,—the rich humour of the satirist still mingles with and carries it over his mere rage and disgust, and his concluding sarcasm is an appeal to our most tumultuous laughter. To a Scotchman's ear in those times, his last verse in particular would sound, we may be sure, a piece of most ludicrous as well as most patriotic Billingsgate.

There are other of the Jacobite songs of this era that run in a very similar strain to the one we have transcribed; but the merriest and best of them, the truth to tell, are so obstreperous as to be scarcely presentable in these correct times. Yet, if we had room, many a rattling and pithy stanza might be quoted from some of them, which would well illustrate the jovial and reckless character of primitive Jacobitism, and the confident style in which its adherents were wont to anticipate the fulfilment of their favourite chorus, 'The Auld Stuarts back again!' We must leave, however, for the present, 'Carle an the King come,' and 'O, what's the Rhime to Porringer?' and 'Awa, whigs, awa,' and 'My Daddy had a Riding Mare,' and 'The Sow's Tail to Geordie,' and all the other lawless rants of that wild day. The Jacobite muse had soon to 'change those notes to tragic,' and we must now give at least one specimen of her altered mood. The following beautiful lines refer to the gallant Earl of Nithsdale, who, after having been taken prisoner at Preston, and condemned to be beheaded, succeeded in so wonderful a manner in making his escape from the Tower through the courage, ingenuity, and presence of mind of his admirable countess, whose own narrative of the perilous adventure is familiar to all the lovers of the romance of real life. The composition is given as the lament of an old retainer of the family, while his lord is yet in prison awaiting execution.

'Make mane, my ain Nithsdale, thy leaf's i' the fa',
The least o' thy bairns are drapping awa;
The rose i' thy bonnet, whilk flourished aye sae braw,
Is laigh wi' the mools, since Lord Maxwell's awa.

'O wae be 'mang ye, Southrons, ye traitor loons a'!
Ye haud him aye down, wha's back's at the wa';
I' the cerie field o' Preston your swords ye wadna draw;
Helies i' could iron wha wad swappit ye a'.

'O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave!
To hae thriven 'mang the Southrons as Scotsmen aye
thrive,
Or ta'en a bluidy nievefu' o' fame to the grave.

'The glaive for my country I doughna then wield.
Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best of the field;
The crousest should been cowpit owre i' death's gory
fauld,
Or* the leal heart o' some i' the swaird should been
cauld.

'Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I seen,
To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle hae I been,
But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen:
O that I were laid where the sods are growing green!

'I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tine;
A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',
Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae kin';
He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this auld heart o' mine.

'O merry was the liting amang our ladies a',
They danced i' the parlour and sang i' the ha',
O Jamie he's come o'er, and he'll put the Whigs awa':
But they canna dight their tears now, sae fast do they fa'.

'Our ladie dow does nought now but wipe aye her een;
Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her gown!
She's buskit on her gay cleeding, an' aff for London
town,

An' has wi' her the hearts o' a' the countrie roun'.

'By the bud o' the leaf, by the rising o' the flower,
'Side the sang o' the birds, where some burn tottles owre,
I'll wander awa' there, and big a wee bit bower,
For to keep my gray head frae the drap o' the shower;

'And aye I'll sit and mane, till my blude stops wi' eild,
For Nithsdale's bonny lord, wha' was bauldest i' the
field,

O that I were wi' him i' death's gory fauld!
O had I but the iron on, whilk hauds him sae cauld!

This, all will acknowledge who sufficiently understand the language in which it is written, is steeped, every line of it, in the pathos at once of nature and of truest poetry. To it, if our space would permit, might be added several other Jacobite effusions in the same style, belonging either to the same or a subsequent era, when the fortunes of the unhappy Stewarts were still more hopeless. We may merely mention the simple and affecting verses,

'My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody,' &c.

which have probably been often sung without a suspicion of their Jacobite origin—and another set beginning

'A wee bird came to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie!'

in allusion to the wanderings, perils, and multiplied sufferings of Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden, both of which are sung to airs of exceeding plaintiveness and beauty, and are still, like almost all the Jacobite songs indeed, great and general favourites in Scotland.

There are many of these ditties of so rude a simplicity, in point of diction, or perhaps carrying with them, in their light and easy flow, so little that can be called thought or weight of meaning at all, that they must and do seem quite contemptible, we are aware, to a certain school of criticism. For ourselves, however, we confess we are not so fastidious, and in this, as in other departments of song and ballad poetry, can enjoy the vigorous and graphic in delineation or narrative, although not, it may be, pranked out in the choicest phrases of the rhetoricians, or merely a natural utterance of the heart, even though it have little, beyond its naturalness, to make it interesting or touching. On these principles, or if that be too presumptuous, in this humble and charitable creed, we are not ashamed to acknowledge that we take not a little delight in

* Ere.

sundry of the very homeliest of these Jacobite lays, for the sake of the evident truth and earnestness of feeling by which they are animated, and what we would call the mere spirit of life which even the most trivial and most carelessly constructed of them are seldom without. There is a short one, for example, beginning

'As I came down the Cano'gate,
The Cano'gate, the Cano'gate,
As I came down the Cano'gate,
I heard a lassie sing:
O merry may the keel row,' &c. &c.

in which truly there is absolutely nothing, except the best of all things—*expressiveness*; for it is merely the simple, inartificial utterance of an affectionate and happy heart, too full of happiness and affection for thought, and well contented if it can find, instead of elaborate poetry, only a few jingling rhymes, to help it to regulate its beatings. Yet, for all this inanity, it is a favourite of ours, nor could we have the heart to wish it more meaning. And still more highly do we estimate that other of the same class, the chorus of which runs,

'And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,' &c. &c.

which, in addition, however, to being in respect of sentiment and language the very perfection of the natural, the fluent, and the graceful, is in fact a little delineation of manners and character, sketched with exquisite archness and spirit. And we could name others of the same description that we like as well for no better reason, and notwithstanding the drawback (so considered) of an equally unadorned style and scanty infusion of the intellectual.

We shall conclude our rapid notice with a single specimen of what we may call the dying strains of the Jacobite muse, when hope had darkened down to gloomiest despair, and she had no theme left except bitter remembrances and more bitter, but as bootless, indignation. The object of the following terribly ferocious diatribe is the famous Murray of Broughton, who, after having acted as secretary to the rebel army, purchased his pardon from the government, by turning informer against his old associates. We omit only a few lines, rather too coarse for transcription.

'Ken ye whare cleckie Murray's gane?
He's gane to dwell in his lang hame.

'He has na what'll pay his shot,
Nor caulk the keel o' Charon's boat.
Be there gowd whare he's to beek,
He'll rake it out o' brumstane smeck.

'He's in a' Satan's frying pans,
Scourthering the bluid frae off his hans';
He's washing them in brumstane lowe;
His country's bluid it winna thew:
The hottest soap-suds o' perdition
Canna out thae stains be washing.

'Ae devil roar'd till hearse and roopit,
'He's pyking the gowd frae Satan's pu'pit!'

Another roar'd, wi' eldrich yell,
'He's howking the keystone out o' hell,
To damn us mair wi' bless'd day-light!'
Synne doukit i' the candrons out o' sight.

'He stole auld Satan's brumstane leister,
Till his waukit loofs were in a blister;
He stole his Whig-spunks tipt wi' brumstane,
And stole his scalping whittle's whunstane;
And out o' its red-hot kist he stole
The very charter rights o' hell.

'Satan, tent weel the pilfering villain;
He'll scrimp your revenue by stealing.
The infernal boots in which you stand
With which your worship tamps the damn'd,
He'll wile them off your cloven cloots,
And wade through hell-fire in your boots.

'Auld Satan cleekit him by the spaul,
And stappit him i' the dub o' hell.
The foulest fiend there doughna bide him,
The damn'd they wadna fry beside him,

Till the bluidy duke* came trysting hither,
And the ae fat butcher fried the tither.

'Ae devil sat splitting brumstane matches;
Ane roasting the Whigs like bakers' batches;
Ane wi' fat a Whig was basting,
Spent wi' frequent prayer and fasting.
A' ceased when they twin butchers roar'd,
And hell's grim hangman stopt and glow'd.

'Fy gar bake a pie in haste,
Knead it of infernal paste,
Quo Satan; and in his mittened hand
He hynt up bluidy Cumberland,
And whittled him down like cow-kail castock,
And in his hottest furnace roasted.

'Now hell's black table-claith was spread,
The infernal grace was reverent said;
Yap stood the hungry fiends a' owre it,
Their grim jaws gaping to devour it,
When Satan cried out, fit to scunner,
'Owre rank a judgment's sic a dinner!'

'Hell's black bitch mastiff lapt the broo,
And slipt her collar and gat gae,
And, maddening wi' perdition's porridge,
Gamph'd to and fro for wholesome forage.
Unguarded was the hallan gate,
And Whigs pour'd in like Nith in spate.

'The worm of hell, which never dies,
In wintled coil writhes up and fries.
Whilst the porter bitch the brood did lap,
Her blind whelps bursted at the pap.
Even Hell's grim Sultan, red wud glowing,
Dreaded that Whigs would usurp owre him.'

THE DIVAN.

Sancho and Mungo the black man.

SANCHO.—Why, is it possible, Mungo, that you cannot discern between good and evil in the matter of cigars? You are a most pitiable creature; do not you smoke, Mungo.

MUNGO.—No, sir; it is a low practice, and very unwholesome.

SANCHO.—*Corpo di Bacco!* (in a great passion.)

MUNGO.—Pray, Mr. Sancho, do not swear; do not be angry, sir; I only meant to say—

SANCHO.—Slave! thou hast made my heart too great for what contains it. Smoking a low practice! By Jove, it is a pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king; it is a royal, an imperial practice; it has been loved by princes, philosophers, and sages of all countries—by an unmatched phalanx of the wise and good. Don't tell me of unwholesome practice, I look to my cigar, and exclaim, in the words of the poet—

'Oh, let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee;
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death—'twere sweet to me.'

(Enter Bartholomew Blewit, Esq. and Major Sackville.)

BLEWIT.—(Having assumed his presidential chair.) My friend Sancho, I have been thinking of this new periodical of your's, which you say is to be called the Christian Observer. Now, are you aware that there is already a periodical journal of that name, and, consequently, that when your's comes out, there will be two Richmonds in the field?

SANCHO.—I know it well; but I cannot relinquish the title.

BLEWIT.—Well, the title is a good title; but how will you distinguish your own book from that of your rival?

SACKVILLE.—Sancho, the editor and proprietor of the 'Christian Observer' will say of you most justly—

'He that steals my purse steals trash,
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me—'

* The Duke of Cumberland.

SANCHO.—Gentlemen, *favete linguis*, the circumstance to which you allude was once a matter of some perplexity to myself, but it is so no longer. There is a remedy apt and sufficient at hand, for which I am indebted to the ingenuity of my cotemporaries. I observed, that the year 1829 was to be rendered memorable by the sudden appearance of two 'Juvenile Forget Me Nots,' one published by Mr. Ackermann, the other by Mrs. Hall; here, gentlemen, was a case in point; how were these valuable and synonymous publications to be distinguished by an undiscerning world? I made inquiry, and I found an expedient adopted, which is in every respect applicable to my own difficulty. In this affair, the one advertises—'Purchasers are particularly requested to be particular in asking for and ordering "Ackermann's" Juvenile Forget Me Not.' The other makes a similar caveat in favour of her work. I shall pursue a similar line of conduct; I shall advertise—purchasers are particularly requested to order Sancho's Christian Observer.

BLEWIT.—Πολυμητις Οδοῦσσευς.

SACKVILLE.—And tell us now, Sancho, what sort of a *debut* do you expect to make; are your hopes very high?

SANCHO.—*Au possible*. My book will be, beyond all doubt, the brightest star of the literary universe; and, from the hour of its rising, will throw many into shade that are now beaming in meridian splendour. I received, no longer ago than this morning, a paper on the fine arts, by the accomplished author of an article in the last Edinburgh, on 'British Painters,' and I feel confident, that by that effort alone, my book will 'be elevated to the very highest station' amongst periodical literature.

SACKVILLE.—What a fortunate event your coming will be for the *Sublimity school*. I suspect these comets of a season are beginning to lose their brightness; they want a new sun to draw them on to another perihelion.

SANCHO.—And they shall find it. By the way, doctor, your metaphor puts me in mind of a poem which is destined to grace my first number, by a gentleman of what you are pleased to call the sublimity school, which I expect will do honour to the age in which we live. Depend upon it, the poem will soon be echoed through the empire, it will be the archangel's trump of the intellectual universe.

SACKVILLE.—Waive description, Sancho; what is the theme?

SANCHO.—One of the most awful that ever entered into the mind of man. It supposes the time when the great comet shall come in contact with our earth, the two bodies, you know, will grapple together, and, like a close of two champions in the ring, till each disturbing the laws which held its neighbour in its orbit, they will roll headlong to their common centre of gravity. I will repeat to you a passage.

'It comes, it comes, the blazing burning sphere,
The star erratic that through th' eternal past,
Hath searched all space unwearied and alone
Predestined, now that Time's last sands are o'er,
To rush in ruin on a trembling world;
Behold its form—it is with toil and years
Disfigured, yet tremedously sublime—'

SACKVILLE.—Hold there! a palpable plagiarism, Sancho; that last line is stolen from Mr. Montgomery's 'Universal Prayer.'

BLEWIT.—Stolen from Montgomery! where was that man's heart who could steal from Montgomery?

SANCHO.—Ah, doctor, I dare say you have never read his poems, or you would talk of him with more respect.

BLEWIT.—Sancho, I never have read his poems. I once opened a book called 'Omnipresence of the Deity,' I believe by him, but finding, in the frontispiece, the figure of a young man in a very absurd posture, with a bare throat, and other affectations. I closed the book, knowing well that a gentleman who could array himself in that garb, could not possibly have any superfluous brains, and I have never opened the work since.

SANCHO.—Montgomery is a pretty fellow for all that.

BLEWIT.—Be it so; but continue your poem.

SANCHO.—'The hour is high—oh, yet another morn,
And all this busy Babel of the earth,
Its hopes, its fears, bold schemes, and idle phantasies,
Its purblind sages, warriors, kings, and bards,
Men who so prized Time's immortality,
All, all have disappeared—the world hath been,
Good Lord!!!'

SACKVILLE.—Basta! basta! that will do for a sample, Sancho; and now pray tell us, to which of the tremendously sublime are you indebted for this grand effusion; he should be known.

SANCHO.—Never mind. In my opinion it is a better thing to write thus than to boast the fame of heroes or the blood of kings.

SACKVILLE.—No doubt, no doubt. Did you ever try a Bengal cheroot, Sancho?

SANCHO.—Never.

SACKVILLE.—It is a monstrous roll of tobacco which throws out fire and smoke enough for a manufacturing city, but the thing has a bad flavour, poor, coarse, and vulgar; I remember a late Governor General once observing to me—

SANCHO.—A Governor General, Major! Come, sir, you have been reading the 'Book of the Boudoir,' or Italy, or France, or some other personal narrative of that august associate of emperors and kings, the 'little dumpy woman,' Lady Morgan.

SACKVILLE.—I must observe, Mr. Sancho, that it is a common error among those who have been little accustomed to the society of persons of rank and distinction to assume a sort of snarling cynical impatience of others who have been more fortunate. It is from this motive, I am persuaded, that certain very respectable people have been so anxious to pass their pleasantries on Lady Morgan. The thing really at fault was not that Lady Morgan had been silly and contemptible, but that she had associated with a class of society from which her critics were excluded.

SANCHO.—Lady Morgan, Major Sackville, is a ranting, contemptible empiric, a mere compound of self conceit and impertinent flippancy; try her by what jury or judges you please. Is she not, Doctor?

BLEWIT.—Why no; Lady Morgan is a woman of considerable talents—a very clever woman; but vanity, my dear Sancho, which does most people some mischief, has been perfectly ruinous to her. Lady Morgan is by temper and by reflexion a liberal and a republican, but she cannot give up her pretensions to the character of a person of ton—a woman of fashion and virtue. She has expended some zeal in the cause of democracy, but she is not averse to 'bandying compliments with majesty,' and she seems to know of few other beings in the world besides kings and cardinals, peers and peeresses. Like the young tailor in 'A Cure for the Heart Ache,' her maxim always is to 'lay the scene high' the commonest incident in life ushers in, and that often clumsily enough—'I remember a certain duke,'—all of which is vulgar and contemptible.

SANCHO.—Pray who is the Edinburgh critic that attacked her 'Life of Salvador Rosa'?

SACKVILLE.—Hazlit I should imagine, from the description afforded of him. Poor devil! Hazlit, who after all was no paltry writer, seems to have been fairly hunted from the field.

SANCHO.—They say he has devoted himself to the muses and the fauns and the dryads; he is studying Ariosto in the country.

SACKVILLE.—Ah, talking of Ariosto, Doctor, are you aware that certain passages in the 'Gerasaleme Liberata,' which have hitherto been attributed to the bard of Sorrento, were not his—no such thing, they were written by Mr. Davis Gilbert a few years ago at Eastbourne!!

BLEWIT.—Alas, sir, it is a melancholy thing to mark the follies of the wise; however, it was fortunate for the learned editor that he found out the verse in question was 'a gem.' Hallam was not so lucky, you know, when he stumbled on a verse of

Pindar, some years ago; yet Hallam could read the Greek or he never would have made the error. So true it is that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'

THE SCOTCH STUDENT.

THOSE who have been accustomed only to the gorgeous nurseries of law, physic, and divinity, which in this country are almost exclusively filled with the wealthy and the high born,—where to have been educated is considered tantamount to a patent of *gentility* at least,—can have no conception, unless chance have thrown in their way a newly imported Scotchman fresh from the classic land, and hotly reeking with the honours of a Caledonian degree, of the melancholy shock given by the aspect of a northern *alumnatus* to a southern eye. Let any one walk towards the college gates of Edinburgh and Glasgow, expecting to meet the coming crowd of that juvenile talent destined at a future period to wear the laurel of valour and learning, and to rise to the highest posts of honour and emolument; to mingle with the gayest and most refined; for whom the courtly levee and the hall of beauty will throw open their doors and if he have aught of honesty in him, he must confess that, although Minerva may be the presiding divinity of the modern as well as the ancient Athens, she differs most materially in outward show from the preconceived notions which he might have formed of her divinityship;—if he had not been assured on good authority of her identity, he never would have recognized the form in which she used to bestow the protection of her wisdom, while she cast the splendour of her beauty over her Grecian sons.

I call to mind, even now, with something like sorrow the day which I became first acquainted with the outward man of a Scotch student in the Royal University of Edinburgh; for it brings back to me days in which painful recollections are mingled in very undue proportions with the more cheering remembrances of past life. It certainly was with feelings of the most unfeigned astonishment that my English dreams of the intimate connection between a collegian and a gentleman, were demolished.

It was on a bitterly cold morning in November, when I first issued forth to see the wonders of the northern capital. The snow was glittering on the tops of the distant hills, whose rugged outline was clearly marked out against a bright frosty sky; while the dark waters of the Forth formed a fine contrast with its white boundaries, setting off the magnificent view from the Calton Hill, to the greatest perfection. I have since seen that view at all seasons and under every variety of circumstances, and have ever regarded it as a combination of landscape, unequalled for picturesque effect. For the first time in my life I had left my parental roof and had awakened that morning with a melancholy consciousness of solitude in the midst of thousands, which, spite of all my efforts to shake it off, in the prospect of the advantages and pleasures which a residence at College should afford me, and the proud spirit stirring feeling that I had shaken off the trammels of domestic authority, and was now my own master, weighed heavily upon me. Much as I had felt the irksomeness of restraint, I am not sure whether at that moment—nay, for some time after, I would not willingly have exchanged my independence for the comforts of home with all its restrictions: but when I ascended that hill and gazed upon the splendid panorama, which was around, all regret, all gloomy reflection was dispelled; my heart bounded in me with ecstasy; I felt that whatever ills Auld Reekie might have in store for me, she had still one never-failing pleasure in the enjoyment of which I might always for the time forget them. I do not know what may be the feelings of others, but with me nothing has such power to lift the weight of sorrow from the mind as contemplating the bright face of nature, when she

presents herself in such a holiday garb as that in which she is decked, in the neighbourhood of such a spot as I then stood upon. But to my original subject of Scottish students, from which I have wandered to the somewhat less original one of Scotch scenery—yet could I not, as my thoughts reverted to the unpleasant recollections, resist the temptation to recall the more agreeable ones. It would be unjust, while I remember, and would chronicle the bad, not to pay a tribute to the delightful impressions with which that morning's walk is associated.

Descending Calton Hill, I walked leisurely across the north bridge and along Bridge-street, ruminating on the probable results of my letters of introduction and the necessity of a great coat in a northern climate, till I arrived before the huge pile which choked up by tall houses and narrow lanes, can yet be distinguished over all, looking like a newly-created aristocrat amongst his poor relations, and whose front with handsome portico and well-turned arch maketh game as it were of the Methodist Meeting looking sides, (we mean the outside, not the in,) which happily for themselves, and no less so for the credit of the architects, retire behind the commodious screens of College-street and the alley on the other side, where a Latin inscription declareth it to be the '*Collegium regale, eremissimum regis Jacobi*.'

I stood sometime admiring the Caledonian economy which had stopped up the passage through a very handsome gateway, with a boarding such as that with which carpenters are wont to fence out the public from a deal yard, and in which it is difficult to distinguish the actual gate from the gate post, or as that with which but lately the young walls of the New Post-office were preserved from intruders;—of course the Carron iron-works are now employed in founding a more befitting barrier. I had not remained long in front of this building, when my meditations were interrupted by the loud ringing of a bell. How often has that bell since sounded in my ears the death knell of well-earned slumber, and recalled me from the regions of fancied bliss to the dull realities of a student's life on a winter day in Scotland. In an instant a confused murmur mingled itself with the chime which gradually increased till the former sound died away in the over-powering din of the latter. By more senses than one did I speedily ascertain the cause of the disturbance. I was standing on the steps, and I suddenly found myself carried in spite of my legs half way across the street by such a rushing mass of humanity, that I could not for some time recover my self-possession. Such an issuing forth I have often witnessed at the meal hour, by a set of hungry boys at a charity school, but I confess that I was little prepared for a similar scene from a body of individuals who were studying science and the humanities at a well-reputed University. I began to look around me and investigate more closely the characters who composed the bulk of the *discnthralled*, for they clearly evinced, by their eagerness to get out, that the time spent *within* had been a term of voluntary imprisonment, and not a resorting to the seats of learning for a love of the goddess or her gifts. Appearances, at least, certainly justified this conclusion: though I doubt not there were many in the crowd who would repel with just indignation such an imputation. Be that as it may, I could scarce believe my eyes when I saw before me this specimen of Edina offspring. They were a motley group—boys scarce old enough to go through the streets without a nursemaid, in corderoy trousers and out-grown greasy jackets, and kilmarlocks*.

The youths might have seen water at a distance daily rolling in the Forth, but a closer contact with that element they knew but on the Saturday eve. Their Latin grammars and horn-books were strapped on their shoulders by cord, and their pockets were full of marbles and lolly-pops. Another class there was, of the awkward

age of hobdidihoys, arrayed in coats their sires had worn; a dark pair of continuations, terminated by yellow leather gaiters, which nearly overwhelmed the hobnail shoes on which their pins were raised above the dirt; a white neckcloth, which was 'clean on Sunday,' (that day being Friday,) relieved their red faces and red hair; and the whole figure was surmounted by a half military, half civil looking piece of leather, which is called a cap. Some, however, seemed to delight more in furred coverings, having the appearance of large tabby cats coiled upon their heads. The walk of these gentlemen strangely resembled the gait of a man behind the plough. Such figures formed the mass of the studious multitude; but yet a third class remains, and when I describe these as resembling the clerks and shopmen of London, being, however, behind them in the fashion of their coats some five years or so, I hope no fastidious Brummel will start up to deny their pretensions to external gentility. These various Sects were not distinctly marked, but they blended insensibly into one another; leaving, however, quite a sufficient number of pure race in each tribe to fix and characterise them. When to these I add a few young London surgeons, in all the panoply of Bartholomew or Borough attire, and half a dozen or so of dandy Crocles, I have sketched the frequenters of the Royal College as they issued from the venerated edifice when I first approached it. Enough for their externals; and of their inward man I must postpone the description.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BIRMINGHAM.

In offering our remarks upon this meeting, we presume it cannot be interesting to our readers to receive a criticism upon the performances of 'The Messiah,' and other such established pieces, as have been presented with nearly the same performers, and in a similar manner, for a quarter of a century. It cannot be interesting to repeat that Mr. Braham sang 'Comfort ye my People,' or 'Deeper and deeper still,' with his accustomed excellence; that Mr. Greatorex played the organ where he should not; that Lindley, Harper, Willman, and Nicholson, stand unrivalled with their respective instruments; but we shall confine ourselves to notice only those performances and compositions which were offered as novelties, or which were worse or better than common.

The most striking revolution in the arrangement of the meeting, was the introduction of scenes, and selections from Italian operas, on two evenings, to be dramatically performed in character upon the stage of the theatre, and which, it turns out ultimately, has scarcely given the satisfaction that might have been anticipated, with the exception of Madame Malibran Garcia's extraordinary personification of Romeo, in Zingarelli's opera. De Begnis, Mademoiselle Blasis, Miss Fanny Ayton, Signor Giubelli, and (a new importation) a Signor Costa, made up the company. This last gentleman was sent over, we believe, by poor old Zingarelli from Naples, to assist in his *Cantata Sacra*; and it seems to be the opinion that he (Costa) had better return again immediately. He much resembles Begrez in voice and style, but being scarcely so good, of course he is not a necessary addition to the foreign musicians, with whom the country is already overstocked. It was jocosely said of him, on making his *début*, '*Questo Signor costa troppo*;' or, in plain English, 'This signor costs too much.'

The performances commenced on Tuesday morning, October 6th, and the only novelty was a composition of Beethoven's that had been arranged as a 'Miserere,' and performed at the funeral of that great composer. The present performance was in the shape of an anthem, 'Hear me, O God,' with accompaniments for eight trombones and organ, and the effect was exceedingly grand, and eminently successful. In the evening, the first Italian dramatic exhibition took place, commencing with the overture, and a selection from Rossini's '*La Gazza*

Ladra,' performed by De Begnis, Blasis, Giubelli, &c. Mrs. Anderson performed the grand Variations de Bravoure for the piano-forte, on the celebrated romance from Mehul's oratorio of 'Joseph,' and De Beriot a violin concerto, both in the most perfect, polished, and successful manner; the entertainment concluding with Garcia's beautiful and energetic representation of Romeo to the Giulietta of Miss Fanny Ayton. The audience were 'moved even unto tears,' by the effective and touching expression of Malibran's acting; her success was transcendent, and the acclamations of applause unsurpassed.

In addition to the seven principal vocalists above enumerated, it may be well here to notice, that Miss Paton, Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Braham, Knyvett, Vaughan, Phillips, and Bellamy, made up the list of fourteen principal singers, and with the greater part of whom the oratorio on Wednesday morning commenced. Several novelties were produced, the majority of which were decidedly successful. A song by Phillips, 'The Last Man,' by I. W. Calcott, deserved no particular approbation; a canon by Neukonon, exhibited for the first time, and sung by Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Vaughan, and Bellamy, was more to be admired; it rather resembled Haydn's vocal works, and went quite well. 'Pious Orgies' was a wretched performance of Miss Ayton's; she was engaged to do something besides playing Giulietta, and thus Mrs. Knyvett was an auditor when she ought to have been a performer. Miss Ayton sang with affectation, out of tune, and exhibited a shrill, meagre, and displeasing tone, much to the dissatisfaction of her audience. A motetto (double chorus), 'God is our Hope and Strength,' by Horsley, was clever and successful; its highly-respected author partly conducted the performance. The solo parts were warbled forth by the Knyvetts, Vaughan, and Bellamy, in the old-fashioned Hanover-square style of the ancient concerts, but the chorus parts and instrumental accompaniments were singularly effective and striking.

'The Triumph of Gideon,' a sacred drama, adapted to operatical music of Winter's, and performed for the first time at the last Birmingham Festival, gave great satisfaction, and exhibited in it some very clever writing. It commenced with his admired overture to 'Tamerlane,' which perhaps had better have been omitted, than introduced as it was in the middle of the act. It is too florid a performance for such a situation! A quartet in E flat, sung by Miss Paton, Mrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Phillips, and accompanied only by clarionets, horns, bassoons, and basses, was very well sung; and a very interesting song by Mrs. Knyvett, 'O Lord our God,' in F, with violin *con Sordani*, was performed in a quiet, chaste, and unpretending manner, eliciting visible and deserved approbation from all her auditors. A march, for wind instruments only, written by Winter, expressly for the Royal Society of Musicians, and presented by him to that excellent institution, to be performed at their anniversary dinner, was, by their permission, lent for the purpose, and produced great effect. The original score had been lost, but Cramer, Master of his Majesty's Band, newly harmonised and scored the melody in an excellent and satisfactory manner. Signor Costa murdered a song of Mozart's, 'Domine Deus,' with an obligato violin accompaniment by Cramer. It was certainly an ungracious part to be played, for being in E flat, and abounding in scales, upon the double half shift, as it is technically called by violinists, it must have been unusually difficult to avoid playing out of tune; thus the accompaniment being occasionally a little too sharp for the orchestra, and the Signor generally too flat, the breach between them became painfully wide and singularly offensive to the ear. Madame Malibran Garcia, the unrivalled, the undoubted gem of the meeting, sang an aria of Cherubini's, 'O Salutaris Hostia,' beautifully.

The second act commenced with a *Cantata Sacra*, composed expressly for this festival, to Isaiah, chap. xii, by Zingarelli, who is now eighty years of age, and who has injured all the fame he might ever have

* A Scotch cap.

deserved, by this lame and impotent attempt. One epithet might suffice to dismiss it—it was *bad*, it was quite common-place, and utterly destitute of invention. Malibran sang Cimarosa's, 'Ah Parlate,' well; but the *tout ensemble* was considerably deteriorated by her transposing it from C to B minor. A selection from 'The Passions,' composed by Graun, was the last remaining novelty of the day, and a very clever composition it proved. The usual selections from Handel filled up the measure of the performance, which measure, by the by, was much over filled. At musical festivals formerly, four songs and four chorusses were thought sufficient for each of three acts, and the audience retired satisfied, not satiated with the twenty-four pieces which constituted the whole; but on this occasion there were about twenty-five pieces in each of two acts; thus the audience had not sufficient leisure for repose and refreshment previously to the performance in the evening.

The fourth exhibition was a concert, on the usual grand scale, in an orchestra erected on the stage at the theatre. Beethoven's grand symphony, in C, and Weber's romantic overture to 'Oberon,' commenced the respective acts, and were excellently performed by the very choice and efficient band, the *élite* of the London orchestras. A *glee* of Grotto's, 'Rich and Rare,' was a confused, meagre, and uninteresting performance. 'O Cielo qua' i Fieri,' of Pacini, by Miss Ayton, was still worse. A concertante for violin and violoncello, of Lindley's, played by himself and Weichsel, was indeed 'rich and rare.' Weichsel has all his brilliancy, tone, and fire restored, and his performance (although he has attained the advanced age of sixty-four years,) gave universal satisfaction.

Miss Paton sang 'O no, we never mention her,' of which, by the way, she rather unfairly robs Phillips, and promised, in the programme, to accompany herself on the harp. True, she had a harp, and she struck a few common-place chords before and after her singing; but during the song she played scarcely a note that met the ear, although her fingers appeared to move. Some denominated this folly 'affectation.' She sang well, however, and gave much satisfaction, and was *encored* loudly. After the violin and violoncello concertante above noticed, it was certainly with bad taste that the managers had arranged for Lindley to accompany Braham in Alexis, and for De Beriot to perform a violin concerto on the same evening, but both were perfect, and beautifully executed. Knyvett's *glee*, 'The Midges Dance,' was entertaining, light, and pleasing, but reminded an experienced auditor, that sought for novelty, too much of 'To all you Ladies now at Land,' and 'Auld Lang Syne.'

The star of the evening was again the inimitable Garcia. She accompanied herself upon a miserable square untuned piano-forte, and sung with the most admirable *mélodé* a Spanish song composed by her father, 'Bajilito Nuevo.' Her jocose playfulness and characteristic manner were so immediately brought in contrast with her tragic dramatic performance, her classical and finished singing of 'O Salutaris,' and 'Ah parlate,' and several other varieties not yet noticed, that the whole audience were enraptured, and were unanimous in esteeming her the most extraordinary and versatile creature that ever appeared in an orchestra. Her Spanish song, we need scarcely add, was enthusiastically *encored*. She sang another instead of it. Her performance was interrupted by shouts of laughter, elicited by the vivacious archness of her manner, although her auditors understood not one word of the matter.

The fifth performance, on Thursday morning, was the magnificent Messiah, advertised to be executed, as it always should be, with Mozart's accompaniments. Not one fourth, however, of these were employed, (only a few in the first act,) and it is a pity as well as a shame that directors and managers do not tell the truth. An amateur from a distant part of the county, who had heard the Messiah in its original state a sufficient number of times to be satisfied, attended the meeting on purpose to enjoy Mo-

zart's improvements, (for such unequivocally they are,) but returned exceedingly disappointed at the very few additions which were performed. Madame Garcia's 'Rejoice Greatly' was the best exhibition of the song perhaps ever witnessed, although at the Chester festival her performance of it was said to be a comparative failure. Her scale from B flat below the stave to that above was given with the most pure and perfect intonation, and a rapidity of execution unparalleled. Miss Paton's transposition of 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' was highly reprehensible; an unreasonable affectation, because she can sing the notes well, and 'the bird that can sing, &c., should be made to sing,' says the old adage; and thus, perhaps, the managers are as much to be blamed as either her advisers, her whim, or want of taste.

In the evening a second Italian dramatic performance took place, much the same as on the Tuesday, with the exception of scenes from 'Il Turco in Italia,' instead of 'La Gazza Ladra,' but concluding, by particular desire, with Malibran's tragedy in 'Roméo.' We should be wrong to weary our readers by writing so much, and so uniformly in praise of this lady, but her talent is so extraordinary, her versatility so utterly without a parallel, since, perhaps, the days of Garrick, that we must beg to relate a few more anecdotes of her performance. Rossini's 'Una Voce Poco Fa' is written in the brilliant key of E, but some of our vocalists take the liberty of transposing it into F, very much to its injury. The copies laid before the band on this occasion were written in the latter key, and consequently they played the symphony in F; but the moment it concluded, Garcia stepped up to the lamps, and briefly saying to Weichsel, 'in E,' started off a semi tone lower than the strain just played. This was an attempt for its boldness, talent, and novelty without precedent. This we know to have been the general feeling and unbiassed opinion of the artists present. A second fact we have to relate concerning Garcia refers to her pure, devotional, and chaste style of singing 'Holy, Holy Lord,' which was so unusually beautiful as to elicit the solitary *encore*, even in the church, on Friday morning. Another instance of her spirit was shown in her concluding performance in the last concert of Barnett's 'Light Guitar,' when this was *encored*, she started off with the merry French song, 'Le Gentil Tambour!' Enough of this; with merely alluding to her superiority in singing her verse of 'God save the King,' we conclude all we shall offer respecting this talented vocalist.

Our limits oblige us to curtail much we might find to write of other performances. A sacred drama, arranged for this meeting from Mehul's oratorio of 'Joseph' was eminently successful. We believe that the Rev. Mr. Webb, of Birmingham, translates and arranges, with infinite skill, the language to the adapted pieces of Cherubini, Mehul, Graun, Zingarelli, Neukomen, &c., all of which, if we except Zingarelli's, were justly admired. The characters of the drama were as follow: Joseph, by Braham; Benjamin, by Miss Paton; Jacob, by Phillips; the other parts by Bellamy, Machin, &c. The scene is at Memphis; partly in the palace of Joseph, and partly in the camp of the Israelites; and a more beautiful, touching, and expressive union of language and music we have seldom witnessed. Joseph's meeting with his father, the hymns of the Israelites, the air of Benjamins, 'How long are the Days,' a beautiful piece in A, 3-8 time, was sung delightfully by Miss Paton, and we trust that the whole will be more known than it is at present. It is highly dramatic, although devotional, thus a little reminding one of Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives.' We conclude with noticing another beautiful novelty, 'The Jubilee Anthem,' composed by Cherubini, and selected from the celebrated service performed at the coronation of Charles the Tenth, King of France, also expressly arranged for this meeting. The introduction was a judicious adaptation of the first movement of the beautiful overture to 'Les deux Journées,' and a trio in G, 'Spirit of Holiness,' was

excellently sung by Miss Paton, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Phillips. It was a piece at once classical, polished, and scientific.

The meeting has been quite successful. The sum raised upwards of £10,000; but for information of this kind we refer our readers to the newspapers, those of Birmingham more especially.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.

THE new comedy of 'The First of May, or a Royal Love Match,' which was produced at this theatre on Saturday, has little to recommend it, except certain negative virtues, and the opportunity it affords for some very agreeable, easy acting on the part of Mr. Charles Kemble, for Mr. Keeley's usual popular buffoonery, for the lady-like appearance and demeanour of Miss Ellen Tree, in a very becoming attire, à l'antique, and for a display of buxom-widow vivacity on the part of Mrs. Gibbs. It is, in short, exactly one of those pieces in which the whole effect and success are left to the spirit of the performers. They might have met in rehearsal in the morning, and without a line of dialogue have agreed, on the drawing up of the curtain in the evening, to represent certain characters named in history, caricatured or not, or a little, or very much, according to the temper of the house, or of their own pleasure or caprice, at the critical moment,—have duly arranged an outline of the exits and the entrances, and trusted to their own wits for the colloquial part of the business. Had this been the course pursued on Saturday, by the clever performers who acted the midwifery office to Miss Hill's production, they could hardly have failed of treating the public with a piece as agreeable and amusing as that which proved so successful. A libertine king, or any other libertine, who publicly boasts of his gallantries, must have been an unnatural animal in all ages. None but fools make a vaunt of their success in matters of this kind, and as fools, generally speaking, are not the most successful 'intriguers,' it follows that a man who brags of his *bonnes fortunes* is little to be dreaded. He is after all but a merchant-ship with his sides painted to look like port-holes. A male author would probably have kept this consideration in view, but the ladies are ever sorry hands at portraying a libertine, although it is a favourite subject with many of the fair who aspire to be authoresses.

The principal interest in this piece is derived from the deceit practised on Harry Woodville (Mr. Warde) a noble youth, who has too much spirit to be willing that either his sister, Lady Elizabeth Grey (Miss Ellen Tree,) or his spouse that is to be, Katherine Travers (Miss Forde) should be favoured by the caresses of his sovereign. He is relieved from the former fear, at an early period, by learning that Edward's suit to Lady Elizabeth has an honourable aim; and from the latter, at the end of the play, by finding that his betrothed, although she had found refuge in the king's chamber from the persecution of her guardian, was actually under the more beseeching protection of the widow, her aunt, and of the queen, Lady Elizabeth Grey.

The most startling sentiment in the piece is that put into the mouth of Lady Grey, who on hearing the King intimate that she may have to share his favour, expresses her resignation in whatever shall be the pleasure of her liege lord. This outrageous submission, it is true, as appears afterwards, was only introduced to give greater effect to the jealousy which seizes Lady Elizabeth, when she hears that a female has found an asylum in the King's apartment. She hastens to the spot, and concealed, overhears a conference between the King and his protégée, and is satisfied. The dresses helped the piece considerably. The part of Mr. Keeley, we do not speak of his performance, was altogether far too absurd.

The music was not worth mentioning, except to record that Miss Forde's rich notes fell most agreeably on the ear.

Drury-Lane.

We are too late to recommend our readers to go and see the 'Living Model of Antiques,' Mr. Ducrow, at Drury-lane, since that exhibition has closed. We regret this, as the performance was well worth witnessing. Mr. Ducrow had contrived to give himself as nearly as possible the semblance of a marble statue, and as such assumed the various positions of the most esteemed antique statues:—Hercules, the Discobolus, the Dying Gladiator, &c. Mr. Ducrow is certainly a most skilful attitudinarian; and, although his performance savoured somewhat of a charlatan spirit, it was a very pleasing one. We mention it as creditable to the taste of the galleries, that the exhibition excited their interest. In consequence of the change of performances of Saturday, it appeared for some time doubtful whether Mr. Ducrow's feats would take place, and the impatience and anxiety of the *upper* classes were very loudly expressed.

CONTEMPLATION.

THOU blamest me that I idly lie reclined
Beneath old oaks, or in the Acacia shade:
Up slogged! Doth not Nature all upbraid
Thy sloth? The sun moves on; the busy wind
Leaps forth; and to their several tasks assigned
The careful ant, the spider, and the bee
Attend, a sharp admonishment for thee!
Oh deem not, friend, so weakly of the mind!
While seeing nought, hearing nought, thinking nought
Its mightiest arms it forgeth for the season
When it again must think. In this sweet dreaming
Turned inward on itself my earnest thought
Holds converse with itself: thus with good reason
I busier am than all things busiest seeming.

BERANGER'S RELEASE FROM PRISON.

THE daily journals have noticed the expiration of the term of imprisonment of the celebrated Beranger, and his consequent release from durance. This event 'Le Globe' notices as follows:—
'Beranger is at length released from prison, after nine entire months peaceably passed in solitary study, in sweet communion with a few faithful friends, and in receiving the visits of patriots from all parts of France, anxious to become acquainted with him. He lived in his prison as if he were at home; resigned, nor sighing too ardently for his liberty, which he had risked voluntarily for what he considered true and right to say, nor regretting too deeply the pure sky and the air of the fields, which his muse had been the theme of at the commencement of a former captivity, and which moreover our wretched summer has given him little cause to regret. His health has not suffered; we find him as we could wish to see him; we see the same kind and simple cheerfulness; the same gentle wisdom, tinged with a dash of melancholy; the same noiseless devotion to his own ideas, to his principles as a man of the people, to use his own expression; the somewhat biting raillery of our half aristocratic, half republican manners. He is himself still, only older by a year of meditation, more rich in recollections which have leisurely repassed in his memory, by some true dreams of poesy, and a few additional good deeds.'

Among these dreams of poesy, the following, suggested by a brilliant sun, which shone through the gratings of his window on the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, has been published. It is full of the grace and sentiment which characterise all the productions of this esteemed poet.

LE 14 JUILLET, 1829.

AIR: *A soixante ans, il ne faut pas remettre, &c.*
POUR un captif, souvenir plein de charmes!
J'étais bien jeune; on criait: Vengeons-nous!
A la Bastille! aux armes! vite, aux armes!
Marchands, bourgeois, artisans, couraient tous.

Je vois pâlir et mère, et femme, et fille;
Le canon gronde aux rappels du tambour.
Victoire au peuple! il a pris la Bastille.
Un beau soleil a fêté ce grand jour.

Enfant, vieillard, riche ou pauvre, on s'embrasse.
Les femmes vont redisant mille exploits.
Héros du siège, un soldat bleu qui passe*
Est applaudi des mains et de la voix.
Le nom du roi frappe alors mon oreille;
De Lafayette on parle avec amour.
La France est libre, et ma raison s'éveille.
Un beau soleil a fêté ce grand jour.

Le lendemain, un vieillard docte et grave
Guida mes pas sur d'immenses débris:
'Mon fils, dit-il, ici d'un peuple esclave
Le despotisme étouffait tous les cris.
Mais, des captifs pour y plonger la foule,
Il creusa tant au pied de chaque tour,
Qu'au premier choc le vieux château s'éroule.
Un beau soleil a fêté ce grand jour.

La Liberté, rebelle antique et sainte,
Mon fils, s'armant des fers de nos aïeux,
A son triomphe appelle en cette enceinte
L'Égalité, qui redescend des cieux.
Entends leur foudre; il gronde, il tue, il brille:
C'est Mirabeau tonnant contre la cour.
Sa voix nous crie: Encore une Bastille!
Un beau soleil a fêté ce grand jour.

Où nous semons, chaque peuple moissonne.
Déjà vingt rois, au bruit de nos débats,
Portent, treublants, la main à leur couronne,
Et leurs sujets de nous parlent tout bas.
Des droits de l'homme ici l'ère féconde
S'ouvre, et du globe accomplira le tour.
Sur ces débris Dieu crée un nouveau monde.
Un beau soleil a fêté ce grand jour.'

De ces leçons qu'un vieillard m'a données
Le souvenir dans mon cœur sommeillait;
Mais je revois, après quarante années,
Sous les verrous, le quatorze juillet.
O Liberté! ma voix, qu'on veut proscrire,
Redit ta gloire aux murs de ce séjour.
A mes barreaux l'Aurore vient sourire:
Un beau soleil fête encor ce grand jour.

ENGRAVING.

The Shooter's Companions, engraved by W. Gill, from a Painting by A. Cooper, Esq. R. A. in the possession of Sir George Philips, Bart. M. P. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

An excellent *mezzotint*, in which the character, life, and truth, which are ever conspicuous in Mr. Cooper's animal pictures, are preserved with sufficient fidelity to content, we should imagine, the very painter himself.

The soft downy effect on the rough-hided, yet well groomed cob, and the feathering of the hair of the spaniels, no brush could exceed. The general effect of the plate is masterly. The grey pony stands out boldly from the dark back-ground; well trained and docile, as becomes a shooter's companion, he waits most patiently his rider's return.

CELEBRATION OF GÖTHE'S BIRTH-DAY.
HIS PARENTAGE.

(From the German.)

THE anniversary of the birth of Göthe, on the 28th August, was celebrated with great pomp in several cities in Germany, but especially in Frankfort, where he was born. Among other modes of rejoicing, were a dinner, ball, and concert given in his honour at the Hotel of the Weidenhof, and attended by upwards of 150 persons, who were entertained with orations, musical compositions, and poetical

* Un garde française. Cette troupe contribua beaucoup à la prise de cette citadelle.

effusions made for the occasion, as well as a variety of airs and pieces, the words entirely by Göthe, the music by Beethoven, Nägeli, Schuyder, von Martensee, and Just. The Weidenhof was very appropriately chosen as the scene of the festivity, since the poet's grandmother at the time of his birth was the owner of that inn, and a good deal of interest was excited by a genealogical account of the family of Göthe, drawn from the archives of the city of Frankfort, and was as follows:

Göthe's great grandfather, Hans Christian Göthe, lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, at Artern, in the county of Mansfield, and followed the calling of a farrier. One of the sons of Hans Göthe, Frederic George, born on the 7th September, 1657, was apprenticed to a tailor, lived several years in France as an itinerant journeyman, and afterwards came to settle at Frankfort on the Maine, where he married (1687) the daughter of Sebastian Lutz, a master tailor, and himself became a master in the same trade. She died early, (1700,) but not before she had borne several children. After living some years a widow, Frederic George married a second time, and espoused the Widow Cornelia Schelhorn, who, on the death of her former husband, had succeeded to the Weidenhof Hotel, of which her second husband undertook the management. In the course of a twenty-five years' happy union, many children were born to this couple, all of whom through the flourishing state of their affairs, they were able to bring up with every advantage of education. He died in 1730 at the age of 73, she in 1754. Of this marriage came John Gaspar Göthe, born on the 31st July, 1710, the father of Göthe, the poet. In consequence of the talents he early displayed, he received a liberal and scientific education, and took his doctor's degree, and lived in his native city as imperial resident and acting councillor, to which offices he was appointed on the grounds of his extraordinary knowledge and aptitude for affairs. In the thirty-eighth year of his age, he married Katherine Elizabeth Textor, the seventeenth daughter of the city bailiff and imperial councillor, Textor, at whose house his business continually required his attendance. This marriage was solemnized on the 20th August, 1743, and on the 28th August, 1749, the first offspring of the marriage, Johann Wolfgang, was born. Göthe's father died after a happy union of thirty-four years, on the 27th May, 1782, seventy-two years old; his mother lived to see her son great and famous; she died on the 13th September, 1783, aged 77.

MR. LINTON'S LANDSCAPES.

WE have been much gratified by a sight of the treasures of the portfolio formed by Mr. Linton during a twelve month's tour in Italy, whence he is lately returned. This artist is favourably known to the public as one of the leading members of the Society of British Artists and as the painter of 'Delos,' 'The Return of a Victorious Armament,' and other less distinguished works. The collection, to which we allude, consists of a vast number of pencilled sketches, and nearly a hundred sketches *in oil* from nature, of the scenes and subjects which most attracted the attention of the artist during his tour. Every one of the latter is itself a finished picture, although they are intended merely as *pabulum*, as matter for study and contemplation, or it may be, as models for larger and more elaborate paintings. We were particularly struck with the skill and taste evinced in the choice of points of view both for displaying the objects advantageously, and making them compose well in the picture. It would be a delightful and a profitable lesson for a person about to travel in Italy to spend a few hours in Mr. Linton's painting room, to learn by the study of his pictorial memoranda how to look at the beauties that nature presents, in the land of the olive, the orange, and vine. We observed on the easel a view of Naples, looking from out a grove of trees on the ascent of the Vomero, across the city and on the bay, with Vesuvius and the coast bending towards Sorrento in the

distance. It would be premature to speak of the merits of this picture as a work of art, though we may safely foretell that Mr. L. is in no danger of losing by it any of the reputation he has already gained. Another picture, more advanced than the Naples, is a view at Genoa from a novel and extremely interesting point on the shore beyond the *molo vecchio*. In this work the artist has surpassed every former production of his that we remember to have seen, and shows most clearly that as he had not neglected the beauties of nature in Italy, no more had the contemplation of its works of art been lost on him.

MISCELLANIES.

OPERA DISPUTES.—There certainly must be some evil star at present presiding over the destinies of theatres. The establishments devoted to the representation of the old drama are in a state of embarrassment not in London only, but throughout the Continent, and there as here, it is the opera, and the opera only, that flourishes. There as here also, scandalous disputes take place between managers and singers. Of this we have an instance in the treatment of the celebrated Munich singer, Madame Schechner, by Sponini, the director of the opera at Berlin. He had engaged to allow her a free benefit, *benefice libre*. This he interpreted to signify, not as she understood it, a night's receipt, without deduction of expenses, but a night's receipt after deducting expenses and one-third of the net profits, although the prices were raised for the occasion. Besides this, as the tickets were sold at the residence of the lady, the director, apprehensive for his third part, kept back the sum due to the singer for the last four nights of her performance. Madame Schechner pursued the course most consonant with her dignity: she sent the third part of the benefit profits, and through her lawyer, sued the director for what was due for her four nights' performance.

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF VARIOUS SUBSTANCES.—The experiments of Mr. Emerson give the following results of the weight borne with safety by a square inch of the respective substances mentioned, viz. Iron, 76,400 lbs.; brass 35,600; oak, box, yew, plum 7850; elm, ash, beech, 6070 lbs.; walnut, 5360; red fir, poplar, alder, ash, birch, willow, 4290; freestone 914 lbs. According to the experiments of substances the following are the length at which the undermentioned substances would break at their own weight: Cast steel 39,455 feet; Swedish iron 19740 feet; English ditto, 16,938; cast iron, 6110; cast copper, 5003; yellow brass, 5180; cast tin, 1496; cast lead, 384; good hemp rope, 18,790.

LIFE OF KOTZEBUE.—A life of Kotzebue, by Heinrich Döring, is announced as shortly to appear at Weimar, published by Hoffman. The Memoirs have been prepared from communications imparted by intimate friends of the deceased writer. From these the character of Kotzebue, it is said, will appear in a more favourable light than it has hitherto been considered.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON ON HIS POLITICAL DEMISE, BY AN EX-CHEF DE DIVISION OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.—Thus closes the career of that extraordinary man, whom Heaven created, perhaps, to chastise the world. He will remain the first on the list of warriors, the first on the list of conquerors, and the first on the list of scourges. No man was ever more carried away by the fever of ambition than he, and to raise himself he drew at hazard from the arm of Pandora; at Tilsit as just as Trajan; at Bayonne, as perfidious as Tiberius; at Wilna, as reckless as Cambyses; it might be said that he had different souls which he used as occasion required. Crimes and virtues were to him only the means of power. He lorded it over kings because he met with nothing superior to them: if God had been visible he would have allowed kings to rest in peace. Whether projects, conceptions, wars, errors, or excesses, it was his destiny to imprint a character of

grandeur on them all. Wonderful being! he is the only monarch whom fate has condemned to an immortality of admiration and of hatred; he is the only man who has deprived history of the power of praising him without outraging humanity, or of condemning him without outraging genius. He destroyed generations of men. From Moscow to Lisbon, from Jaffa to Lutetia—there is not a province which he has not marked with a battle, nor a hamlet in which there are not bereaved fathers who call on him to account for the blood of their children. The death of Enghien and of Pichegru, the proscription of the Spanish princes, the extravagant war in Russia, and the long devastation of the Castiles, are outrages which time, great as its power is, will never efface. To curse him, there will never be occasion to look to the crowd of obscure and uncertain crimes which during his reign foreign libellers have attributed to him in their absurd romances. It is true, indeed, that he is of those men who cannot mingle their voices in the general indignation without wounding its dignity, and to fill the world with terror it may be said that no grief is due but to the man whose genius created so many sublime institutions,—whose will restored the splendour of so many cities,—whose powerful arm erected so many immortal monuments,—and who, even in his last struggle, detaching his destiny still more from that of other men, has left greatness to his enemies, and scaffolds for his friends.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

	Oct.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds	Weather	Prevailing Clouds.
		A.M. P.M.	at Noon			
Mon.	7.54	53	29.38	S.W.	Rain.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	6.51	53	29.38	N.W.	Clear.	Com.-Cirr.
Wed.	7.44	40	29.10	E to N.W.	Snow & Rain	Ditto.
Thurs.	8.39	40	29.56	N.	Clear.	Cirrostratus
Frid.	9.39	41	30.42	N.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat.	10.45	53	30.30	S.W.	Cloudy.	Ditto.
Sun.	11.53	53	30.27	S.W. to W.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 45°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.70.

Highest temperature at noon, 57°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury at his greatest elongation on Monday.

The Moon in Perigee on Sunday.

Saturn's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 163° 5' in Leo.

Jupiter's ditto ditto ditto 129° 8' in Sagitt.

Sun's ditto ditto ditto 179° 53' in Libra.

Length of day on Sunday, 10 h. 55 m.; decreased 5 h. 59 m.

Sun's horary motion, 2' 28" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99852.

BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Knight's Heraldic Illustrations, 11. 1s.
Knight's Specimens of Crests, 11. 10s.
Abernethy's Lectures, 8vo. 14s.
Pope's Export and Import Guide, 14th edit. corrected to October 1, 11. 10s.
Bell's Essay on Gothic Architecture in Ireland, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Pratt's Law of Friendly Societies, including the last Act, 10th Geo. IV. cap. 55, 3s.
Ryan's Manual of Midwifery, 12mo. 8s.
Friendship's Offering for 1830, 12s.
Illustrations to ditto, proof before letters, 11. 11s. 6d.
The Iris, a Literary and Religious Offering, edited by the Rev. T. Dale, 8vo. 12s.
Illustrations to ditto, India paper, 11. 11s. 6d.
Grainger's Elements of Anatomy, 8vo. 14s.
Leach's Grammatical Introduction to the London Pharmacopoeia, 2nd edition, 6s.
Waller's Elements of Midwifery, 3s. 6d.
Taylor's Historical Miscellany, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Buchanan's Tables of Weights and Measures, 18mo. 8s. 6d.
The Juvenile Forget Me Not for 1830, edited by Mrs. Hall, 3s.
Illustrations to the Amulet for 1830.
The Fitzwalter, a novel, 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s.
Dr. Cook's View of Christianity, a new edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s.
The Fulpit, vol. 12, 8vo. 8s.
New Year's Gift for 1830, 3s.
Humboldt's Travels in South America, vol. 7, 8vo. 14s.
Holland's Beatrice, a tale, 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.
The Son and the Bride, by Miss Parnott, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
The Venetian Bracelet, &c. by the author of 'The Improvisatrice', 11s. 6d.
The Gem for 1830, 12s.
Doddridge's Correspondence, portrait, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
Captain Mignan's Travels in Chaldea, 8vo. 25 engravings.
Stories of Waterloo and other Tales, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s. 6d.

Constantinople in 1828, by Chas. M'Farlane, Esq. 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not for 1830, 8s.
Proof of the Plates of ditto before letters, 20s.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

'The Romance of History,' second series, will be published in the course of this month.

Lieutenant Hardy, who has been sojourning for several years in Mexico, is immediately about to publish an account of his Travels in that country. His works will comprise descriptions of its picturesque scenery, climate, productions, the state of society, and sketches of several public characters, from personal observation.

The Rev. H. F. Lyte's Tales in Verse, illustrative of the several Petitions in the Lord's Prayer, will appear early in November.

PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.

THE splendidly engraved PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, by BENOIST, A'Paris, from the celebrated Picture by GERARD, taken after his Return from Elba, and the last Portrait to which the Emperor sat, is now first published from the prohibited Plate, and sold by J. Smallbone, at his Miscellaneous Repository of the Fine Arts, 19, Tichbourn Street, Piccadilly. Plain, 15s.; elegantly coloured from the Picture, 30s.; heightened in gold, 21. 2s. and will be found worthy particular notice.

N. B. Several Pictures of high class, China, Bronzes, and valuable Books for sale.

On the 2d of November will be published, in royal 18mo., price 12s., elegantly bound in rich crimson silk,

THE WINTER'S WREATH FOR 1830. In preparing 'The Winter's Wreath' for 1830, the Conductors of the work have, with very considerable exertion and expense, made such arrangements as have produced a volume in every way entitled to take the first rank amongst its beautiful competitors. The selection of the Illustrations has been carefully made, and the Proprietors have fully availed themselves of the uncommon advantages which they possess of procuring clever and attractive pictures.

In the literary department will be found many of the happiest compositions of our most talented authors, and ability and variety will not be sought in vain in any of the pages.

CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Hemans	Rev. Dr. Raffles
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ENGRAVINGS.

Subjects.	Painters.	Engravers.
1. The Idol of Memory	J. Northcote, R.A.	E. Smith
2. Blind Howard and his Grandchildren	A. Mosses	E. Smith
3. View near Derwent	Water, Lodore	W. Havell
4. The Hunters of the Tyrol	J. F. Lewis	C. Armstrong
5. Il Cavaliere Pictore	F. P. Stephanoff, H. Robinson	
6. Sunset.—On the Welsh Coast	S. Williamson	W. Miller
7. The Solace of Pandean Pipes	A. Mosses	H. Robinson
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10. Dordt, from the Harbour	S. Austin	W. Miller
11. The Vale of Aracy	J. Cristall	W. Radclyffe
12. Parting.—From the Bridal of Fontenay	R. Bone, R.A.	E. Goodall
13. Inscription Plate, the Wreath	Vandyke	E. Smith
A limited number of Proofs of the Plates on French paper, in portfolio, price eighteen shillings.		
Published by Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave-Maria-lane, London; and George Smith, Liverpool.		

Beautifully embellished by Barrett and Finden, and elegantly printed in one volume, 10s. 6d.

THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK. By T. K. HERVEY.

'This is a most interesting volume. Florant, the most exquisite poem of its length, perhaps, ever written, opens the work.'—*Literary Gazette*.

2. THE LIFE OF FRANCIS the FIRST, KING OF FRANCE. In 2 thick vols. 8vo. with a portrait from Titian, 25s.

'A most full and animated account of Francis.'—*Literary Gazette*.

'It will not be found unworthy of being classed with the Lives of Charles the Fifth and Henry the Eighth.'—*Times*.

3. CONVERSATIONS ON INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY; or, a Familiar Explanation of the Nature and Operations of the Human Mind, 2 vols. 16s.

'They contain much excellent matter for every age; to the young they are invaluable.'—*Literary Gazette*.

4. THE MANUAL for INVALIDS. By a Physician. Price 9s.

'A valuable, cautious, and sound treatise on health, and the means of preserving it.'—*Atlas*.

5. SCHILLER'S WILLIAM TELL; closely translated from the German, with illustrative Notes. 8vo. price 15s.

Printed for Edward Bull, New Public Subscription Library, 26, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

In the press,
The Second Series of the ROMANCE OF HISTORY, 3 vols.

On the First of November will be published, (price 10s. 6d.) dedicated, by permission, to Her Highness the Princess Mary Esterhazy,

THE GOLDEN LYRE, for 1830; or, Specimens of the Poets of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, in the Original Languages; beautifully printed in gold. Edited by J. MACRAY.

London: published by J. D. HAAS, (From Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun. and Richter,) West London Foreign Circulating Library, 11, Berner's Street, Oxford Street, and to be had of all Booksellers.

CITY OF LONDON ARCADE.—A Provisional COMMITTEE having been appointed on the 23d ultimo, to arrange a Plan and preliminary Measures for the Erection of an ARCADE, from Moorgate to Bartholomew Lane; and to submit the same to a Public Meeting to be convened for that purpose.—Notice is hereby given, that a PUBLIC MEETING will be held at the Auction Mart, on THURSDAY next, the 15th instant, at One for Two o'clock precisely, to receive the REPORT of the said Committee, and to adopt such Resolutions as may be deemed expedient for carrying this desirable undertaking into effect.—Plans and Estimates will be laid before the Meeting.

Signed, by order, PETER JEFFERY.
No. 31, Cheapside, Oct. 10, 1829.

CITY OF LONDON COFFEEHOUSE, 5 and 6, Bucklersbury, Cheapside.—This Establishment having received a large share of Public approbation in the immediate vicinity, the proprietor is induced to take this method of making it more generally known, and begs to inform the public that he has fitted up an elegant and extensive suite of rooms, without regard to expense, and has paid the utmost attention to the arrangements for promoting the comfort and convenience of those gentlemen who may honour him with their company. Treble sets of all the London newspapers, reviews, magazines, and every other description of periodical literature, new works of public interest, and books of reference, are regularly supplied. The refreshments are of the most superior description, Mocha Coffee, selected with the greatest care from the best lots in the East India Company's sales, is exclusively used, and no trouble nor expense will be spared to render this house what it professes to be, an establishment for comfort, convenience, information, and amusement to gentlemen residing in or frequenting the city. Breakfast ready at 8 o'clock. Lists of charges for the various refreshments are constantly kept in the rooms. The proprietor avails himself of this opportunity to return his most grateful thanks to those gentlemen who have patronised him since the opening of this establishment.

DR. KITCHINER'S ZEST.—This incomparable Flavour for Soups, Gravies, Made Dishes, Game, Poultry, Fish, &c. the sole invention of the late Dr. Kitchiner, and repeatedly mentioned by him in 'The Cook's Oracle,' is now prepared from the Doctor's original recipe, and likewise sold by JAMES BUTLER, Herbalist and Seedsman, Covent Garden Market, whose name is written on the direction for its use, without which none are genuine. The Zest is particularly adapted for families travelling, imparting its delicious taste on immediate application. It will keep for any time in any climate. Sold also by Messrs. Knight and Sons, Italian Warehouse, 33, Gracechurch-street; and by Mr. Hickson, Italian Warehouse, 72, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and Mr. Lazenby, 46, Lamb's Conduit-street; in bottles, 2s. 6d. each.

EMMANUEL:

A Christmas or New Year's Present, for 1830.

Price 7s. 6d. elegantly bound in Silk.

Early in November will be published, handsomely printed, and embellished with Engravings on Steel, by Messrs. C. Rolls, H. Rolls, and J. Romney; from the Designs of T. Stothard, R.A., J. Britton, F.S.A., &c.

EMMANUEL; Edited by the Rev. W. SHERBURN. The distinguishing feature of this 'Annual' is its endeavour to diffuse and maintain, in various compositions of Prose and Verse, sound Principles of Religion and Virtue.

London: printed for S. Maunders, 10, Newgate Street; and sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country; to whom Orders should be given early, to insure the best Impression of the Plates.

On the 1st of November will be published, a new Juvenile Annual, entitled,

THE ZOOLOGICAL KEEPSAKE for 1830.

Natural History is a subject so much and so deservingly a favourite with young persons, that it is impossible not to anticipate a favourable reception for this work. It will be enlivened by a light conversational manner of treating its zoological topics, and by an abundance of anecdotes, and a share of humorous poetry and description. The Embellishments, upwards of thirty in number, will consist of spirited engravings from drawings by Cruickshank, Landseer, Baynes, &c. &c.

Printed for William Marsh and Alfred Miller, 137, Oxford-street.

Just published, price 7s. 6d., the First Quarterly Volume of

THE POLAR STAR OF POPULAR SCIENCE AND ENTERTAINMENT.—In order to ensure punctuality in the appearance of 'The Polar Star,' the Second Volume is begun by an issue of it in Weekly Numbers, No. 1, of which was published on Saturday, 3rd Oct., price 6d. containing:—1. Cause of the Northern Lights.—2. The Sugar Cane.—3. Quacks; or, 'The Simplicity of Health'—4. Animal Mummies.—5. French Gaming Houses.—6. Matrimony.—7. Bot.—8. Frauds of Soldiers.—9. Irish Harroe and George IV.—10. The Essences.—11. On Eating in General.—12. Superstitions of the Russians.—13. Varieties.

Published at the Office, 19, Skinner-street, Snow-hill.

SPORTING PRINTS.

Just published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printers to the King, 6, Pall-Mall.

THE SHOOTER'S COMPANIONS. Engraved in mezzotint by W. Giller, after a picture by A. Cooper, R.A. in the possession of Sir George Philips, Bart. M.P. Size, 11½ inches by 14 high. Prints, 10s. 6d.; Proofs, 15s.; before letters, 21s.

2. THE SHOOTING PONY. Engraved in line by W. RADDOCK, after A. Cooper, R.A. Size, 9 inches by 11 high. Prints, 10s. 6d.; French Proofs, 16s.; India Proofs, 21s.

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UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—The Council hereby give notice, that the Medical Classes commenced on the 1st instant, and that the Professors of other branches of education taught at the University will commence their several COURSES on MONDAY, the 2nd of November, as follows:

LATIN, T. H. Key, Esq.—Junior Class, three-quarters past 10 to quarter-past 12; Senior Class, half-past 12 to 2. Fee to each 7l. 10s.

GREEK, George Long, Esq.—Junior Class, half-past 12 to 2; Senior Class, three-quarters past 10 to 12. Fee to each 7l. 10s.

ENGLISH, the Rev. Thomas Dale.—Junior Class, half-past 2 to half-past 3; Senior Class, half-past 3 to 5. Fee to each, 5l.

FRENCH, P. F. Merlet, Esq.—Junior Class, 8 to 9 A. M.; another, half-past 2 to half-past 3; Senior Class, three-quarters past 3 to three-quarters past 4; another, 8 to 9 A. M.; each three times a week. Fee to each, 5l.

GERMAN, Al. Von Mahlenfels.—Junior Class, half-past 8 to half-past 9 A. M.; another, half-past 2 to half-past 3; each four times a week; Senior Class, half-past 8 to half-past 9 A. M.; another, three-quarters past 3 to three-quarters past 4; each three times a week. Fee to each, 5l.

ITALIAN, Signor. Panizzi.—Junior Class, 11 to 12; Senior Class, 11 to 12; three times a week. Fee to each, 5l.

SPANISH, Don. A. Galiano.—Junior Class, 12 to 1; Senior Class, 12 to 1; three times a week. Fee to each, 5l.

HEBREW, H. Hurwitz, Esq.—Junior Class, half-past 9 to half-past 10; Senior Class, 11 to 12; three times a week. Fee to each, 5l.

PERSIAN, ARABIC, SANSKRIT, and HINDOOSTANESE, Fred. Rosen, Phil. Doct.—At such hours as may be found to suit the convenience of Students.

MATHEMATICS, A. De Morgan, Esq.—Junior Class, quarter-past 9 to half-past 10. Fee, 7l. Senior Class, quarter-past 2 to quarter-past 3. Fee, 6l.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, Dr. Lardner.—Junior Class, half-past 3 to half-past 4; Senior Class, quarter-past 2 to quarter-past 3.

Junior Class, 7l.; or Mechanics, 4l.; Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, 3l. 10s.—Senior Class, 7l.; or light, 2l. heat, 2l.; Electricity and Magnetism, 2l.; Astronomy, 2l.; Geodesy, 1l.

CHEMISTRY, Dr. Turner.—10 to 11. Fee for the Session, 7l. A short preliminary course for the advantage of the medical students, begun on the 5th instant; but the detailed extensive course of the session commences on the 2nd of November.

ENGLISH LAW, A. Ames, Esq.—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, half-past 6 to half-past 7 P. M. Fee, 5l.

JURISPRUDENCE, J. Austin, Esq.—Tuesday and Thursday, from half-past 6 to half-past 7.

The Lectures on Political Economy and Zoology will commence in February. The Lectures on Botany in April. A detailed statement of the different Classes, with the fees and other regulations, is to be had of the following booksellers:—Taylor, 30, Upper Gower Street, bookseller to the University; Richardson, Cornhill; Longman and Co. and Baldwin and Co., Paternoster Row; Underwood, Fleet Street; Murray, Albemarle Street; Midway, Piccadilly; Black and Young, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; Lloyd, Harley Street, Princes Street, Holborn; and Jones, Finsbury Square.

LEONARD HORNER, Warden.

TERRO METALLIC TEETH.

MR. A. JONES, Surgeon-Dentist to Their Royal Highnesses Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Orleans, 43, New Bond-street, begs leave to announce to the Nobility and Gentry that he continues, with the greatest success, to prepare and fix, according to his highly-improved plan and upon unerring principles, TERRO METALLIC, NATURAL, and ARTIFICIAL TEETH, (from One to a complete Set,) which will be guaranteed to restore to the wearer all the advantages of the genuine ones in articulation and mastication, and cannot in appearance be any way distinguished from the originals.

Mr. A. Jones especially solicits attention to his peculiar and much approved method of Stopping Decayed Teeth with his Anodyne Cement (thereby allaying in one minute the most excruciating pain,) by which means carious and tender Teeth are wholly preserved from the progress of decay, and rendered useful. This unrivalled Preparation will not decompose with the heat of the stomach, and resists completely the effects of acids, atmospheric air, &c.

The personal attention of Members of the Faculty to the above-named inventions and their modes of application by Mr. A. J., is respectfully invited, and would be highly esteemed.

N. B. Cleaning and every Operation pertaining to Dental Surgery. At home from Ten till Four.

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